

August 1936

I am writing short stories again. I am told that I have improved a lot. I know that I write better than when I first started, but I am not satisfied. I want to get somewhere. After all, what does a lot of talk do. I cannot be convinced until I have ^{some} definite proof. I am very hard to convinced, not because I am stubborn or hard, but because I know by instinct whether a thing is or is not. That's all that is to it.

I know I have so much to learn. I am told that I must not read books about short stories writing, but I am still doing it. Not because I want to follow the instructions of the books, but because I always make it a habit of mind to know two sides of every question, and let my common sense decide which side I must follow. I know my instinct again will help me choose the right course.

I know that nobody has ever influenced me. My inner self has always told me what to do, and I have never regret its decision.

I am still so indefinite about writing. I don't know whether I want to write or not, despite all these months that had gone by. I guess I have been disappointed so often that I have lost all faith and confidence.

To be a writer, or not to be ^{the} writer, that is the question.

August 1938

I am writing about the time I was in the
have improved a lot. I have not written much
I have started, but I am not satisfied. I want to get
somewhere. After all, what was a lot of talk for. I cannot
be contented until I have finished work. I am very busy
to complete. My business is not a hobby or game, but because
I know of nothing whether a thing is or is not. That's
all that is left.
I know I have a much to learn. I am still young.
that has been my whole life. I have started writing, but I am
still going on. I have because I want to follow the instructions
of the book. I have started a lot of work. It is a matter of time
to now two sides of every question, and let us know
what is right and what is wrong. I know my business
again all this time. I know the right course.
I know that nobody has ever told me. I know
this has always told me that to do, and I have never regretted
it in my life.
I am still in the same old way. I don't know
what I want to write or not. I have all the time and
has gone by. I know I have a much to learn. I am still young.
I have found all this time and my business.
To be a writer, we must write, that is the only way.

November 1936

After a terrible time, today I finally finished a novelette. Parts of it ~~2~~ I like very much, other parts I dislike greatly. I make up my mind that something is going to happen to it. Or else know the reason why.

Now two years have gone by, and where have I gotten to? Absolutely nowhere. I am so disappointed in writing. I still feel that I am wasting my time.

I know that this sort of thing can't go on forever. There is no future writing like this, and I know it. Two years have gone by, and still there hasn't ^{even} been a faintest sign that I really could write. I am so disappointed. I make up my mind definitely to find out for myself whether I can write or not. If I cannot, then I am going to give it all up. I am not to continue on. I don't want to be disappointed anymore. I don't want to be led on anymore. I either could write ~~it~~, or else I cannot.

I have only six more months to go. Then I will make the decision whether I want to go on or not. I already know the answer long ago, since the day I first started, but I only hope I am wrong, but everything seems to point to the fact that I am right, as I always am right.

To be or not to be, that is the question.

I know the answer already.

To Be or Not to Be

pages from a diary

November 1934

Today I finally start to write, and there is a fear in my heart. I know so little about writing, so little about technique, style, rhythm and all the other complicated things connected with this writing game. I really want to make good, but there is no one to help me. The truth is I am quite afraid of the job, and now that I got it, I wish I haven't taken it. But it is too late to go back now, and I would try anything just for an experiment to see if I like it or not.

I am told that I am to write interviews of people I know. Write about their lives, their reactions to America, how they are affected by the depression, what kind of work they do. I have never written an interview in my life, and I really don't know how to start. The first thing that I did was to read interviews written by other people. I read a great deal of them to find out how they do ^{them} ~~it~~. I say to myself that I am going to write exactly the way other people do.

The first interview I write is one about my old Chinese teacher. On the morning that I am to write that story I fill my pen with ink, and I carry a small pad of paper to take down notes. My mind still remembers the interviews that I read in the magazines, and I say to myself that I am going

to start it exactly like one of the stories that I like.

I go to the Chinese School, and the teacher tells me his story. I listen, but I do not take down any notes. I find that if I take down notes, I forget what he says. It ^{does} ~~do~~ not take long for him to finish, and when he finishes, I find that I have nothing on my pad of paper, but my mind remembers everything he tells me.

I go home then. How am I to start, I say. I put a piece of paper in the typewriter, and soon I find that my fingers are rapidly typing. I never plan anything. I just write what comes into my mind at that moment. I do not think of vocabulary, I do not think of style. All I know is that I am to write six or seven interviews in my fifty-six hours of work. I do not look at the watch. I type two pages of stuff, then I don't know how to go on. I stop and do something else. In the afternoon I go back to the typewriter. I read what I have already written, then I just continue on letting my fingers type whatever it wishes. I ^{manage} ~~manage~~ to get in two more pages. By this time I am sick and tired of writing. I quit for the day. Sometimes I leave the typewriter paper in the typewriter.

The next morning I go back and read the four pages I have written. I find it very easy to go on after that. I manage to get in three or more pages, and the interview is finish^{ed}. Then I take all the pages and correct them for mistakes. I find that there are many mistakes which I have overlooked. I am ^{too} ~~to~~ lazy to rewrite the interview so I

just hand it in like that. Well, I say to myself, it isn't so hard to write after all. I read the whole thing over, and I am rather proud that I have written seven or eight pages of work. Sometimes I let my sisters and brothers read them. They all say it is too babyish, too simple and that anybody could write like that. They ask me if I am going to hand the story in with all the mistakes and things. I say that I am. They tell me to type the whole thing over to make it neat. I say I am too lazy and let it go at that.

I have started on my writing career, knowing exactly nothing, but I have finished one story. What is going to happen, I wonder.

January 1935

Two months have gone by already, and I am still writing interviews. I still am writing them ^{exactly} ~~exactly~~ as when I first started, without any planning, without any preliminary work such as writing an outline or making a rough sketch. At this time, I am told that I am doing fine work. I am surprised for I do not believe. ^X How could my work be good, I say to myself, when I do them the way I do. I take all my stories and show them to other people. They all say the interviews are too simple. I agreed ~~with~~ with them. I make up my mind that I am going to learn some more vocabularies, and not make my sentences so simple.

But as the days pass by, I am still writing in the same manner. Somehow I could not write the interviews the way that I want to. I begin to read more and more, but still

I am writing in my own silly way. I make up my mind definitely to learn more about the writing business when I have time.

March 1935

I am told again that the beauty of my work is in its simplicity. Write in your way, I am told, what do you care how other people write.

One day I am told to write short stories. I am afraid to write, I say, because I know nothing about short story writing. I have read a lot, it is true. When I was twelve I have already read through the unabridged version of Les Misérables, and An American Tragedy. I like to read, but I never have any intention of writing. I like to draw, to paint and make linoleum blocks. But writing, I do not think I could do it.

The first story I write frightens me. But somehow I manage to finish it. I write it exactly the same way as I write my interviews, without any preparation. I make up the plot, ~~####~~ title, dialogue as I go on, and I only write it once. The paper that I put in the typewriter is the same paper that I hand in. My work is still very unneat. I never type anything over. I am too lazy for that.

My first few stories ~~do~~ ^{do} not bring in any comment. I show them to many people. Some say they are good, but I could read it in their eyes that they are lying to me. I despise people that lie. I am frank and I like people that are honest and frank.

people

One day many [^] comes into my room to play mah jong. I say I am rushing a story out, and I don't want to be bothered. But they take away my table and the five boys begin to play. The whole room is noisy. But I manage ~~to~~ to finish my story.

I am told that that is one of my best stories, but personally I despise it very much.

Now I am beginning to be discourage^d with writing. I want so much to make good, but so far there hasn't been a single instance where I am satisfied with my work. People ought tell me that I ~~want~~ to go on exactly the way I am writing. But deep in my heart, I know by instinct that I am very far from accomplishing what I wish. I do not want to be a failure, and be laughed at by everybody. I do not believe ^{what} ~~my~~ people tell me, for deep within my heart I know I am right, and that if I ever wish to get anywhere, I must distinguish between intelligent criticism, and insincere praise.

April 1935

Today I am glad. I am told that perhaps I would get somewhere with my work. But somehow I do not believe it completely. My heart says to me, How could anyone get somewhere in such an easy way. There is something so strange about it all. But anyway, I hope it is true. I want ~~to~~ to arrive someplace and be somebody. I am sick and tired of being a failure. I made up my mind that I am going to give myself exactly two and a half years to prove that I am a writer. If after the time has passed, and I have not been able to get someplace, then I am going to give writing up

completely and definitely. I am not going to struggle at this writing game if I am not fitted for it. I much rather be a garbage man and a ten dollar a week worker than be a starving author.

May 1935

I am still writing short stories, and to tell you the truth, I am getting sick and tired of it. Despite what I am told, I know I am not fitted for it. I make up my mind that I am going to learn about short stories writing. I am going to read books about it.

I have learned a great deal of the tricks of the writing game, but I am not satisfied. I want to know everything connected with it. I read about copyright, I read about contracts and royalty, I read about plagiarism. I find out that there is a great deal of crookedness in this writing game, and unless the writer is up on his heels every moment, someone might put something over on him.

I think now that I know just as much about this writing game as anyone else. But I am going to learn some more. I am going to find out everything about it. And when I make up my mind to know something, I know it.

June 1935

Well, the time has gone by, and despite everything I have been told by a certain person, I haven't arrived anywhere. I guess I ^{am} ~~was~~ right again, for I never did believe it. I knew it is too good to be true. Is all this a joke? I sometimes wonder.

I am getting discouraged with writing. If I haven't been told that I could get somewhere, perhaps I would still want to write, but to be told that something is going to happen, and then to wait month after month to find that it is not the truth really make me ^{lose} ~~lost~~ faith and confidence in people. I know longer believe anything I hear. I do not like to be lead on. I rather not be told than to be told if it is not the truth.

My stories sickens me. Sometimes I want to quit and forget everything about writing. Really, I don't want to write like this. I much rather write by myself for nothing than to go on like this. I guess it is because I know so surely that I will never get anywhere despite everything I hear/

I wish I am a rich man, then I don't have to worry about money. But because I have so little, I have to think of the future. Many time I wonder if I am doing futile work. I am not prepare^d to write, I say many times. There is no such thing as being prepared to write, I am told. You just write and that's that. But I don't believe that. I begin to look up records of every single important writer in the country. All of them succeed after years and years of hard work. They all wrote for money and the love of it. But very few wrote for the love of writing alone. They wanted the success of accomplishments and money.

It is the ambition of everyone to be a success.

And I am frank enough to say that it is my ambition too. People who say money is nothing are just lying. They are the ones to grasp ~~it~~ ^{it} first whenever they have the chance.

True, for a beginner money is only secondary. He wants the thrill of accomplishment and success. Once he gets that, the money would come naturally.

I guess the reason I am so sick and tired of writing is that I have done nothing to prove to myself that I could write. I remain content to let things take their natural course, and as a result the time has passed by, and I am getting more and more discouraged with each passing month.

Many nights these thoughts come into my mind. IF I CANNOT WRITE, THEN I DO NOT WANT TO WRITE. BUT IF I CAN WRITE THEN I WANT TO WRITE.

And there is only one way to find out. Send things out and see what happens. But I know too by instinct that my things are not good enough to send out, despite everything told to me. So I do not send them out. Perhaps someday, I say, someday when I am ready, and ^{when} I am ready I would know it by INSTINCT.

Right now, I am too discouraged to have much hope of the future.

July 1935

I quit my job last month because I do not like it. I want ~~some~~ ^{some} time to think my way clearly. My mind is in a turmoil. I have quitted writing short stories and interviews. I think I don't ever want to write again.



August 1935

One month has gone by, and I have done no writing at all. I have plenty of time to think of myself, of my position, of every thing that has gone by. Well, I say, I have been told that perhaps I could make a thousand dollars with my work, and now, here I am still writing. I knew when I first heard it that it would never happen, and like a foolish simpleton I have believed it. It pains my heart now to think back of it. If I only haven't been told, then I won't mind so much. My mind is getting more and more puzzled by everything. Everything is so strange. I am like one lost in a dream.

October 1935

Today I take out all my stories and read them. They seem to read pretty good. And yet I feel that amateurish touch in them. I make up my mind to really know more about writing. I want to succeed, and I only have two and a half years to do it, and one year now has already gone away. Time is flying, and I must hurry.

December 1935

I am working again. I am no longer writing interviews, but fairy tales. I am still writing them in my own silly way, and I am so disgusted with it. I want to study short stories writing, and get something publish^{ed} and be famous. I know it is a far fetch dream, but I make up my mind to do it.

I say to myself many times. There is no use for me to go on. I don't care so much for the money now. I want to see some proof that I can write, and after one year there hasn't been any proof. I have a desire to quit again.

People say to me, Oh, so you are a writer, and what have you to prove it? Have you anything publish?

No, I say, and then I feel ashamed to think that I am one of those writers that never will get anywhere.

What happen to all your stories? they say to me.

I hand them all in to a man, I say.

And what does he do with them? they ask.

I don't know, I say.

You mean you don't know why you are writing all this things?

To tell you the truth, I don't, I say.

Then they all look at me, and think I am a big fool for writing all my stuff.

More and more I want to quit. I am not prepared to write. I want to get results, and I know I am not ready for it.

February. 1936

I am still writing fairy tales, and old customs of my people. I do not enjoy writing anything at all, for I know all the time that it would never get me anywhere. I am so sick and tired of writing. I want to study short story writing for a long time.

March 1936

I scan every single magazine that I could lay my hands on. ^{want to} I find out everything about the authors who write stories, and how they get their things accepted, and how they finally get to the top. I want to be one of them. And I am frank enough to say it. I am not like other people who beat around the bush, and say things that they never mean at all.

I come across names, James Steele, Michael Gold, Edward Anderson, Martha Foley, Lu Sin, Dorthory McCleary, and scores of others. I read detective magazines, I read sex magazines, I read confession magazines. There is nothing there that interest^s me. Then I read slick paper magazines. I come across the names of Lucian Cary, Vina Delmar, I. A. R. Wylie, Phyllis Duganne. Then I notice that the same names appear again and again in the scores of other slick magazines. Then I began to read quality magazines. There I notice a new group of names. Well, I say, writing is more harder than I thought. There are tricks, there are ways, but I must know them all.

Then I discover another group, known as the experimental magazines. These magazines pay nothing for contribution for publishing a piece of work, but some of our most famous writers today have their start in the experimental magazines. William Saroyan, Erskine Caldwell, Josephine Johnson, Eugene O'neal, Louis Mamet, and many many others.

Of all the magazines, I like the quality and experimental group the best. I make up my mind that someday my name would

appear in one of those magazines.

June 1936

I am learning how to rewrite ~~#####~~ stories. But I am keep my ears and eyes open for all things that is ~~happen-~~ing in the publishing world.

I know that the Abbe children went around the world in eleven years and swept themselves into a fortune. And here I am, lost, forgotten, gone with the wind. I am so sick of writing.

I make up my mind that someday I am going to write the way I want to. I am going to send things out whenever I ~~want~~ to. I am going to ^{be} a success even if I have to do it all alone. I do not want other people to help me. I want to succeed or fail completely alone.

After all, all writers who ~~has~~ ^{have} ever gotten anywhere ~~has~~ ^{have} done so by themselves. They did not depend on someone else to help them. They have initiative, and they do what they think is right. After all, I don't want to be a puppet, dictated by others. I want to be myself, and I want complete freedom in doing what I want to do.

My mind says to me again, You ^{will} never get anywhere like this. Learn about the publishing business from every angle, and be prepared for it.

I study everything about writing that I could lay my hands on.

I must think of the future, I say, and I must not be influenced by anybody. I must believe in myself.

Note on Chinese with American Indians

Jon Lee-China

What is the difference between
a man and a woman?

NOTE ON CHINESE WITH AMERICAN INDIANS

Jon Lee

The feeling among the early Chinese emigrants to California that the Indians were racially related to them is fairly easy to understand on the surface. If we are to trust the words of Anthony Baillet to the Royal Society of Antiquarians in 1867 there has previously existed a curious oral tradition in China to the same effect :

"There is a curious tradition in which the present generation of Tingchanese scholars express the most implicit belief. I have heard it in several different localities and with but slight variation. It is in substance nearly as follows. There was a great family named Tooloong which lived in the land of Fukian and became rich. When a great conqueror came from the North, and the Emperor Hia was not able to protect his children, Tooloong and his family joined themselves with some barbarian Jews (or Assyrian) from the West, and abandoned their homes in grief. They gave themselves into the hands of the Gods. The great Dragon watched over them by night, and Yu-wang-shagty by day. This poor family was hungry, and the Dragon brought them rice and garlic. They were thirsty, and Lwe-Koong sent them showers of wine. For more than a thousand days Tooloong wandered northward and eastward, until the icicles grew on the skirts of his garments; still the Dragon said, "Go on." and Tooloong's heart was stout. Then they found a great bridge, as white as the summer cloud, and very strong. The barbarians hesitated, but Tooloong was brave. They all crossed over. On the other side was a new China where no one lived. The trees were beautiful and the beasts kind. Tooloong wondered. But they kept on till a land of flowers was seen in the distance. The barbarians said, "Let us not go farther, it will burn us." But Tooloong said, "I stop not till the Dragon stop." So they entered the land of flowers. Here

NOTE ON CHINESE WITH AMERICAN INDIANS -2

they were blessed. The Gods were very kind. Tooloong wanted a pagoda, and one came from a cabbage. He wished for a house, and great blocks of the stone mountain came and arranged themselves into a dwelling.

Tooloong built great cities in the flower country, and died. Then some

Fusang--
"Yeuen,
Kian Lui-
han"
v. XXXI

of his children tried to come back to China. But the great bridge was gone. So they all, with the exception of Nung Yong, were sent back to the flower country by the Gods. He flew over on a cloud and told his kindred of the great things Tooloong had done."

M. Baillet states further that "the Americans, whom the Chinese hear of as living in a great country to the North and East," are believed to be either descendants of Tooloong or in some way connected with them.

Old paragraph on Fusang

~~A Woman of China~~
~~A Chinese-American Woman~~
 XLII

Jon Lee
 No. Two
 7 Hours work

Chinese women who come to this country behave

In previous articles we have said that many women who came in many different ways. Some, even those who have married over to this country after they married in China could change over (in China change and become) and become a little modern in their dress, their manners, and their

whole life, generally speaking. ^{Others} There are some who changed ~~over~~ just a little, but they still retained, on the whole, the atmosphere of China. ^{Then} ^{those} There are some who ~~are~~ living a half-Chinese and half-American life. The majority of the Chinese women belong ^{to} in this certain class.

^{Yet to all of them (means a)} ^(It means) married life to them is home life. ^(supervising) Taking care of the children, ^(outside the home) cooking the meals, and ~~looking after~~ the home. A career is not so very important. The fundamental thing ^(to have) ^(have) to a Chinese wife is to have children, a home, and a good husband, and ^a to have enough money to take care of the family comfortably. Luxuries and richness are desirable, but not absolutely necessary for a happy married life.

Marriage is not ~~just~~ an experiment for the Chinese people.

It must be permanent; it must be definite; it must be complete.

When we think back of the former years, in which so many of the marriages were arranged by the parents and the married person who still did not ^{remember that, in} to whom they were going to be married, when we remember know who his husband or wife was going to be, and to think that how ^{that neither groom ~~did~~ bride knew} how it took to ^{a (a)} a custom still going on long this method or arranging marriage had been going on, even up to today, we are ^{By the way, somewhat} rather dazed and surprised. And what more the children ^{overwhelmed} of the parents tolerated all these practices. But they did. ^{to think that the} their mothers, ^{children tolerated} their great grandmothers were perhaps married in the same manner. ^{grandmothers and}

^(In those days) The only thing that the children could do is to obey and hope ^(had not one thing to do,) that everything would ^{turn} out for the best. It ^{was} a law set out by society that marriage ^{was arranged} had to be ~~done~~ in this manner. To marry in any other way ^{was} to disgrace the family and friends. But today, ^{one's} ^(one's) the discarding of binding the feet of the women, the doing away of

(the custom of)

^(granting of) ^(for a)
~~the~~ pig tails, ~~and~~ the permission of allowing ~~the~~ daughter to choose
 her husband and the son to choose ^{his} a wife, ^(these are all) ~~is a~~ good reflection that
 China is slowly but surely adapting herself to the ever changing
 world of ^{today} ~~ours~~.

~~and~~ ^{or} It is really good to see how many of the old Chinese
^(their ridiculous)
 people over here ^{who} are drifting away from some of ~~the~~ ^(still plenty who have) strange old
~~total~~ practices and ^{now} customs ~~and~~ ways of the old days. But there are ~~some who~~ remained
^(in their adherence to the past. I know of a woman)
 as staunch as ever to the old beliefs. As the certain woman we wrote
^{will} about who ~~would~~ not wash her hair until she had consulted a good
^{before} luck book. ^(I know a very old) ~~In~~ the other extreme we ~~had~~ the woman, very old, who
^{regularly} marcelled her hair quite often.

^{Yet} I can understand this latter woman.
 On the whole, Chinese women are not ~~so~~ very beautiful. Most
^(led a very)
 of them, when quite small, ~~lead a~~ ^{hard} hard life. ~~and~~ they had no
 time to massage their face at night with ~~delicate~~ ^{cleansing} creams
 nor shampoo their hair with sweet cocoanut oil. ~~and~~ Their skin, in
^{consequence} ^{the} of their face enlarged through
 became tough, with enlarged pores due to irregular care and atten-
 tion. ^{this neglect and indifference.} I am, of course, speaking
^(of the poor people, who are in the vast majority.)
 of their skin and bodies. ~~But~~ The poor had to be content with whatever
 looks they had; They had no time to improve them.

^{If} I speak so much about the women, it is because
 Since so many of the men we wrote about were born over here
 and since so many of the women were born back in China, it is only

^(than the men)
 natural to ^{assume} ~~presume~~ that they ~~women~~ are the more typically Chinese.
^(Many of) ^(were born here and have enjoyed) ^(have become)
 The men, at least, ~~and~~ a little western education, ~~and~~ ^{more} more
 or less westernized to a little extent. ^(Quite a number of the women) ^(small)
^(especially if they were) ^(born in the villages. Those)
 and through. ^(born in the cities are, of course, more advanced and less)
 City women are more advanced. They are not ~~so~~ backward, ^{(since}
^(it is in) ^(that) ^(is perceptible. Witness)
 the cities, the western influence are felt by the people. The buildings,
^{the mechanical apparatus.}
 and the clothes and other things are derived from the west.

This conflict between the old and

In Pearl Buck's new novel, entitled "A House Divided," she continued the story is typical of the China of today. There the adventures of the son of Wang the Tiger. This son is named it has sometimes led to strange contradictions. Wang Yuen and he traveled far across the ocean to this land, America. Some there are who are ~~had~~ become exhausted by the speed. It is the story of a man who loved both the old traditions and at the same time who had a longing for the simple life of the land. A man who responded to the age of modern jazz and the naive lure of the land.

In America he was rather a lonely soul. He felt that there was a gap between the Chinese and American races. And there was a longing in his heart to always want to return to China.

As pointed out by many, the book is an allegory of China of today. The Chinese people of today. It is the choice of the old and the new of the Chinese generation, who are tired of the fast machine age and looking forward ^(with longing) to the ^(to the) simple ^{life of the} primitiveness ^{and not quite succeeding.} land and its primitiveness and, yet, do not quite make a success of it.

Perhaps that book points out more clearly than we could the majority of many of us who are in this class. And many Chinese are. ^(is, naturally, more marked here than in China. Here we know they had seen both the East and the West, and both are desirable.)

Here in America you will find practically no ^(or who) ^(the table) ^{to} Now the Chinese women ~~do not~~ have afternoon tea ^(who?) nor do they gathered around with friends and played bridge. They do not have any such things called dinner parties. ^{as} What happens is that if ^(immediately) and whenever a friend dropped in, then the hostess ~~will~~ kill a chicken and buy a roast duck and add that to the regular food. ^(Chicken and roast duck indicates there is to be) And that is a sign of a dinner for friends and guests. It is a rather formal affair, ^(yet) and at the same time, ^(it is) rather informal.

And when ^(such a) the group of women gathered together, they do not discuss what movie hero they like or what recent books they had read. ^(has just) Instead they talk about who had a baby, ^{and} what is ^{the best thing} good for little.

(one of their youngsters.) relates the junior. Everything they talk about ~~pertains~~ ^{in opinion} to ~~home~~ ^{about the cosmic rays} life. They do

not know anything about the importance of the Sarr Territory, nor the friendly difference ^{in opinion} over the matter of cosmic rays between Dr.

Millikan and Dr. Arthur Compton. ^(about the cosmic rays) Right now I wondered how many of

them know ^(of) the importance of Amelia Earhart's flight from Hawaii to

California. ^{I wonder} ~~or perhaps~~ ^{life have} even now they ~~had not~~ ^(I am thinking of) heard anything about it as yet.

~~And now we come to an illustration~~ ^(I am thinking of)

The woman that we are talking about now is not what one would call a typical Chinese woman because she is not. Nor is she not ~~is not~~. ^{I should say} She is just one of the many Chinese women

who are living in America today.

(in this country she was born in China) ~~and~~ like ninety-nine percent of the Chinese women ^(there) we wrote ^(from America) about she was married to a man who went back to China to marry her.

Today she is about forty-seven years ^{old} ~~age~~, ^(her) the husband ^(she has been) is about fifty. The oldest daughter is over twenty, ~~and is~~ married for about five years, ^{and has} ~~she has~~ a little baby now.

This Chinese woman ^{she has} had not cooked a single meal of Chinese ~~herself~~ ^{for} ~~food~~ ^(although she eats only such food) ~~and rice~~ ^{so now} ~~in~~ about six years now. She said she had almost

forgotten how to do it after the long neglect. Perhaps it wasn't ^{just} ~~a neglect~~ ^{that has made her forget how to cook Chinese food} ~~it was~~ ^{perhaps} for the fact that she was busy with her work. ^{it was due to her being so busy with her own work}

This woman like another woman which we wrote about long ago ^(Now this woman has had trouble all her life) had trouble with her feet. It is an amusing incident in her ~~childhood~~ ^{she explained the whole matter to me:} ~~but to listen to her explain it.~~

^{"so she began,} "My mother ^(myself) wanted me to have small feet. My father did not ^{like it.} ^(large) personally I did not care whether I had ~~big~~ ^{large} or small feet.

^(despite my father's objection, had) ^(bound so that) When I was about ten years old my mother ^(would become) bound my feet until they ^{quiet} were quite small. In the ^{quiet} still of the night my father would ^(then) come and ^{saw} untie ^{of} ^{them} my feet. In the morning when my mother ~~knew~~ ^{saw} what had

Interviewed

happened, she ~~could~~^{then} tie ~~my feet~~^{them} ~~all over~~^{again}. ~~This went on for~~^(And this continued)
 a long time. In the morning my feet were ~~free~~^{bound}. ~~In the night~~^{at} ~~my~~^{they} ~~would be unbound~~^(in her desperation, to accomplish her)
~~feet were untied~~. My mother did not know what to do ~~so she sent~~^{(will. Finally, however, she sent me to her older sister and there they}
~~me over to my big sister's house and it was there that my sister bound~~^{were bound and stayed bound.)} ~~some~~
~~my feet for me~~. I stayed at her house for ~~a~~^{some} time. ~~During this time~~
~~my father~~^(in the meantime) ~~had gotten over his dislike~~^{for} ~~of~~^{small feet.} ~~Perhaps~~^{Due}
 to the fact that my feet were poorly bound and ~~due~~^{that occurred} to the constant
 binding and unbinding, my feet never got to be small ~~like~~^(as) ~~bound feet~~^(as properly)
~~to be~~^{yet} ~~and they are too small to be called average.~~^(The result is) ~~that even~~
 today, my feet are not ~~too~~^{enough} big ~~or too~~^{enough} small. ~~I have a terrible time~~^(enough for the average shoe)
 trying to get shoes to fit."

We don't know why we are always talking about feet of the
 Chinese women. Perhaps we are a great admirer of true beauty or
 viceversa. I dunno.
 Somewhat amusing as is the ~~following~~^{about} episode,
 And asked why she came to America this woman had a most funny
 it is not more amusing or stranger than the reason
 reason. She said that that was the only reason why she came over
~~given for coming~~
 to this country. It was as follows:

"My father was suffering from a ~~strange~~^{peculiar} malady. I did not
 know what it was. ~~And~~^I ~~always~~^{feared} ~~had~~^{might} ~~fear~~^{that}, somehow, I ~~would~~^{get} contract
 it. He did not ~~have~~^{it} ~~that~~^{well} ~~malady~~^{it} until I was about nineteen years of
 age. None of us in the family ~~was~~^{we} afraid of ~~him~~^{it} except myself.
 After I was married, my mother wanted me to stay ~~back~~^{here} in China and
 let my husband come over ~~to this land~~^{here} alone. She said that, after he
 made some money and had enough to take care of me, then she would let
 me ~~come~~^{go}. ~~Now~~^(however,) ~~my father~~^{go there} ~~wished me to come over to America.~~^{therefore,} Why, he
 never told any of us. ~~But~~^{about my} ~~when he heard that my husband was coming~~^{(ing my husband}
~~over~~^{when he was ready to return to America.} ~~he was very enthusiastic that I should accompany him~~^{also}
 After a rather bitter quarrel I was ~~to come over to this land.~~^{permitted to go with him.} I was

very happy. When we arrived ^(here we landed in San Francisco) in this land, we saw many of our friends ^(where we had many friends there) in San Francisco. ~~we~~ we settled ~~there~~. we came here with a little money. ^(shortly after our arrival) ~~Soon~~ one of the men whom we know tried to help my husband ~~but~~ and ~~to~~ find a job for him. ^(however) For the first few months both of us were just loafing ^(ed about) around. ^(So) Soon my husband got a job in a shirt store. There he learned how to cut and sew clothes. ^(Before long we) ~~Soon he~~ saved enough money ^(to) and ~~he~~ started a shirt store of his own. It lost money and it failed after two years. ^(For a time) ~~he~~ had no ~~more~~ work to do. ^(We had) At this time ~~I had~~ one child ^(then) a boy. ^(no employment) Now since my husband had ~~nothing to do~~, I decided to ^(do) something to help ^(defray) out the expenses of the family. ^(So) I learned how to sew flowers on little girl's dresses. And I made clothes for the old Chinese women who could not ~~do~~ ^(make) them themselves and who did not want to send back to China for them. I managed to make a little ^(in this fashion) and the money ^(thus) ~~we~~ saved up, managed to last us for a little while. Not long after this, ^(at) we moved into ^(an apartment) a place with another family. We ~~saved~~ a little money in this manner. ^(too) ~~Soon~~ my husband ^(got) ~~had~~ an offer ^(of) to work in Oakland and we all moved over ^(at) to this city. And we had been ^(over) here ever since. ^(a) Almost twenty years ~~already~~. ^(in Oakland) ^(first) ~~When~~ my husband worked in the Chinese department store, ~~a~~ job which he kept for a long time ^(in fact) until the store was closed. Then we started a little store of our own. ^(in general) ^(which) The store sold everything. ~~Almost~~. On one side of the store we had soda water and ice cream. On the other ^(still another) side we had rat poison, ~~and~~ soap and starch. On ~~another~~ side ~~we~~ ^(we had) had groceries, cheese, milk and some vegetables. It was just a small store situated on Webster Street. ~~And all of our Chinese friends~~ dropped in and bought from us even though our products were higher ^(priced) than those sold by Swan. ^(at Swans) ^(in Oakland) ^(were) Five children ~~are~~ born in Oakland, to us.

"When my fourth child was born, ~~who is~~, a boy, I had a terrible

Some

At

experience. ~~I was very sick at that time.~~ ~~Some of the old women~~

recommended some ^{special} ~~strange~~ herbs which they said would be good for

me. I took ~~and~~ ^{them} ~~was~~ ^(became) very sick. At that time the baby was just

~~born~~ a few days old. ^{Then the child got sick. The baby was} And through breast feeding the baby was feeded

~~(being breast-fed and my milk developped some poison)~~ with this poisonous milk. ~~And from that age on he had scales and~~

~~(The child developped scales and)~~ red spots all over his body. When he grew older those scales ^(gradually) began

to drop off. Today he is fourteen years ^{old} of age. ~~And he still have~~ ^{But} has

~~(The~~ ^{resulting from this illness.} scars ~~that shows the effects of the happening.~~

Because of the impure milk, ~~he woke up at night~~ ^{(was so impure he would wake up) and not fall} ~~and he would not sleep until four or~~

five in the morning. ^{(When a little boy} ~~he had a very bad temper and~~

I always ^{have insisted} ~~said~~ that those strange ^{the} ~~things~~ ^{the old women recommended}

to me ^(then) ~~were~~ the cause of it.

^(owned this general) "We ~~had~~ ^{run} the store for many years. ~~And~~ ^{All} this time my children

were growing up. My daughter helped us ^(in the) ~~along~~ ^{by working.} Then in

1929 we sold the store ^{away} ~~and~~ ^{and bought} ~~we lived~~ in a little house near the

lake. ^(Since this) ~~Because the~~ house was not big enough, we rented a house right

next to the one we were living in and some of the children went over

there to sleep. One of my sons went back to China for a ^{short} ~~little~~ visit.

~~He did not stay long and~~ ^{(within a short time, for} But after a short stay there ~~he wanted to come back.~~ ^{he did not}

^{where our relatives lived} like the village ~~so~~ very much. ~~So he came back here.~~

^(And so it went on.)

The children continued with their work. My husband got another

job. My daughter ^{got} ~~is~~ married. ~~And~~ ^{and is allowed to} ^(earn) One of my small boys sells papers

at in the street corners. ~~He keeps every cent he~~ ^(on the other hand) ~~got.~~ He cuts his own

hair and ~~he~~ buys his own clothes. ~~And~~ ^{his} older brothers depend

on their father to provide them with clothes and food.

^(What more shall I say.) "After all these long years in America, I ~~always had a~~ ^{I still have the} desire

to go back to China. ^(Whether this will ever materialize) ~~When it will come to be a reality~~ I do not

know. ^(I have been continually) I ~~am~~ ^{always} urging my oldest son to go back to China, but he

From the effects of eating these herbs.

^(simple)
~~just~~ does not want to go. In fact none of the children want to
 go back. They ~~said~~ ^{probably} that ~~perhaps~~ they would not like it ~~back~~ there, "...
~~Here is your typical Chinese woman of America:~~
 Now this woman is like many we wrote about. ~~She is~~ ^{she is} a hard
^(with smallish feet with smallish and a large family)
 worker, She has a big family. She has big and small feet. ~~Meaning~~
^(and she is) they are of medium size. Her hair is bobbed. ~~She~~ ^(but) wears American
 and Chinese clothes. ^(Here stockings are made of cotton) Always wears cotton stockings because silk
^(she insists) stockings ~~make~~ ^{feet} her feet ~~so~~ ^{peculiar} strange and so funny. At home she wears
 a sweater and a skirt. When she goes out she put^s on an American
^(Chinese) coat. On holidays and ~~days~~ ^{Chinese} of celebrations she wears ~~all~~ ^{only} Chinese
 clothes. She ~~does not~~ ^(no) wear a hat because it ~~appears so~~ ^{looks so} funny
^(Coming to think of it) on ~~top~~ ^{top} of her head. ~~Thinking back~~ very few Chinese women wear hat.
 Not because they do not want to wear ~~it~~ ^{them}. But ~~because somehow no~~ ^(simply for some reason)
^(and no one) matter what ^(lot) style the hat is, it ~~is~~ ^(looks) funny sitting on ~~top~~ ^{rem.} of head of
 a Chinese woman.

As the woman said. She came here because of her father's
 malady. Very strange reason, we think, and at the same time rather
 acceptable reason.

^(As I left)
 She said, "I really think that even if I had not come over
 here at all, my life in China would be easier. There we have a
 home and we have land. If my husband ~~was~~ ^(had come) here alone, he could ~~have~~
^(to me what) send money back and that would ~~help~~ ^(have ed me a great deal) a lot. If I go back now, ^{(for instance,}
^(be able to) I could have maids wait on me and I would ~~lead~~ ^{very} a rather easy life."

Yet, she does not regret coming ~~over~~ ^(despite everything) here. It ~~had~~ ^{she has only lived in America} been nice
^(anyway) ~~while~~ she had been in America for such a long time, she
^(in two places in America) ~~had only lived in~~ San Francisco and Oakland. ^(she) should like to live
 in Berkely, but says that it is too far from Chinatown and that ~~would~~
 never do. She ~~just couldn't~~ ^(could not possibly) get along without rice and Chinese
^(Here, indeed, is your) food. ~~This is a~~ woman of China.

~~XXVI~~

That

America. The land of opportunity. ~~Such~~ is the way most Chinese think of the United States. They think that once they ~~get~~ ^{get} over here, They will ~~become~~ ^{become} prosperous and ~~wealth~~ ^{wealth} will come to them in a continuous flow. ~~perity.~~ ^{perity.} (we know) (from their little native villages)

Many have come over here, and many have gone back to these native village, no ~~better~~ ^{richer}, and no worse off ~~than~~ ^{certainly} when they first departed for The Golden ~~Hills~~ ^{Mountain as America is called.}. Some have accomplished much, and been successful while others have lost much, have worked here others have lost much and once in awhile, a story would leak out, hard till they were old and gained nothing. No one, ~~can~~ ^{nevertheless,} very ironical, yet so human, proving again that truth is stranger than fiction. ~~can~~ ^{can} rid them of their faith that, once here, they will somehow become, what they call, rich. And so they come

The Chinese, the majority of them, are not rich. They ~~It does not have to be repeated that the majority~~ ^{are the ones that every month, through great economy, barely} ~~are the ones that every month, through great economy, barely~~ ^{make enough for expenses of the house.} ~~make enough for expenses of the house.~~ It is really pathetic

~~to see some of the people having great group of children, and~~ ^(them surrounded by a mob) ~~scraping along to provide themselves and their off-~~ ^{the parents right now, don't make enough to give the children} ~~the parents right now, don't make enough to give the children~~ ^{already born enough to live comfortably. And yet they con-} ~~already born enough to live comfortably. And yet they con-~~ ^{tinued to have one child after another. Very very few Chinese} ~~tinued to have one child after another. Very very few Chinese~~ ^{they live.}

~~are really rich.~~ ^{are really rich.} All their life they ~~worked, and~~ ^{worked, and} ~~they~~ ^{they} ~~slaved, and~~ ^{slaved, and} ~~none seems to have any pleasure out of life.~~ ^{derive little} (For what is their life?) ~~Life is just~~

one ~~job~~ ^{job} after another, one child after another, that ~~sometimes~~ ^{sometimes} we wonder how they ever got along.

Some come over here to America with the thought that once they were here, they would get rich. ~~Only to find,~~ ^{frequently, that} ~~their dreams~~ ^{shattered,} that work is work ~~anywhere,~~ ^{everywhere and that,} ~~although in America,~~ ^{at best,} they ~~would~~ ^{would} live in better houses, and, perhaps, get better foods to eat.

~~But still~~ ^{yet} they come, year after year, ~~and continue in the same way.~~

Now the story of this man is rather an uncommon one, but some return after many years of hard work here in the Golden Mountain, to their little native villages

That is what happened to Hsi Ch'eng-Lieh.
and there are probably many Hsi Ch'eng-Liehs.
we have a slight suspicion that perhaps it had happened in many

~~other cases in one way or the other.~~

(Hsi Ch'eng-Lieh)

This man came over here to America, alone. His wife ^{he left} ~~was~~
in China, and every single month he sent ^(back) ~~back~~ part of his
wages back to her and the children. ^{His plan was} ~~The man intended~~ to bring
his wife over, just as soon as he could afford to do so. ^{That} ~~but~~

that chance never came to him. He never ^{made enough} ~~got into the big~~ money

^(to do so for he always had to struggle) ~~class, always struggling~~ along on small wages. He did ^{the} ~~his~~

best he could, but he could never get himself a ^{than} ~~better~~ job. ^(really well-paying)

Year after year ^(he worked) ~~it went~~ on. And Every ^{sometimes} ~~single~~ month he
sent back something to his wife, ~~Some months he sent~~ more,

^{sometimes} ~~other months he sent~~ less. Meanwhile his wife back in China
^{kept on looking} ~~her~~ looked forward to the day when ^{come} ~~he~~ would go back a

rich man, with plenty of money.

^{Thus}

The years went by. The man was getting old, ^{and} ~~he~~ could
not make as much money as he used to do. So ^(finally, in despair) ~~he~~ decided that
^(he must somehow get) ~~some day he was going~~ back to his family. ^(and soon)

But even for the journey home he did not have enough
His money ~~gave out~~, and he found that he could not even ^{after all}
^(these years he did not have enough for the ticket back) ~~afford~~ to pay the ship's ticket to get back to his homeland.

A group of his friends ^{made for (however)} ~~got~~ together, and bought ^{the} ~~a~~ ticket ^{for} ~~for~~ when
he left ^(Hsi Ch'eng-Lieh) ~~him~~ ^{return} ~~came~~ back to America
again. ^{he} ~~the man~~ knew that he would never ~~come~~ back to America

^{Finally,} ~~he~~ reached his home and saw his wife, now an old woman,
^{his} ~~and the children~~ ^(all of them) ~~had~~ grown up ~~now~~.

All ^{he} ~~the man~~ had in his pocket was a five dollar gold piece.

"This is all I ^{earned} ~~got~~ in my long years in America," ^{he said to his wife,} ~~he said~~

And he looked at his wife and children and ^(at his) ~~said~~, "Perhaps

I should never have left China at all."

^{then} ~~he~~ murmured, "Possibly"

$$\begin{array}{r}
 940 \\
 850 \\
 \hline
 270 \\
 2020 \\
 \hline
 2290
 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r}
 2000.00 \\
 5.00 \\
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 2005.00
 \end{array}$$

$$4000.00$$

$$750.00$$

$$750.00$$

Teacher

Perhaps no one is able to speak more accurately of conditions in China and America than a learned man. And a teacher today is considered as a man of knowledge. Therefore I decided to interview a teacher in order to learn about conditions in China and also America.

When I was about eight years old, I started my Chinese schooling. I continued it only for about a year. Then I went to another school. I stayed in that school for five years. It was to this teacher that I went to get an interview.

During the time that I was at that school, I managed to learn quite a lot in spite of the fact that six years in a Chinese school is considered as no time at all.

The school hours are from five in the evening to nine. On Saturday the hours are from nine in the morning to noon. So that the only time that the teacher has time to talk is in the afternoon on week days.

One afternoon I went to see him. I remembered this teacher very well as a man who did not like to have people ask him too many questions. But I also knew that this teacher is very well informed on world affairs, and he is also interested in public affairs. I felt sure that if I could make him understand, he would be glad to tell me what I wished to know. I was not wrong.

Of course it wasn't until we had talked about ten minutes that we really got to talking of conditions in China and in America.

He said: "Generally speaking, China is considered a poor nation. America is known as a rich nation. That is the main

difference between the two countries." After a pause he continued: "In the small hamlets and villages the people are called fortunate if they have two square meals a day. They eat rice, salted fish, and greens. On special occasions they have chicken, roasted duck, and other rich foods." And smiling, he added: "And of course, a man usually drinks a glass of wine before each meal if he can afford it. If not, the meal is followed by a simple glass of tea."

"You have been here for over forty years. You must have been quite young when you came over?"

"I was going on twenty; I have graduated from a private school. I finished the junior high school and high school in China. Of course, at that time they did not teach English in the schools. When I came over I did not know a single word of English. Even now, I know but a few scant phrases of the English language. I did not attend any school in America."

"How long have you been teaching school?"

"When I first came over to this country, I worked at different jobs. I was dissatisfied with what I was doing. Many years passed before I started my teaching career. Ten years later I discontinued my teaching and went back to China. During this time Ah Yong, a student of mine, took care of my school."

"On your last visit to China did you find any changes that impressed you?"

"I noticed that the important cities are much more modernized. There are electric lights on the streets. Also the streets are more

clean, therefore more sanitary. In the little village where my folks lived there is no noticeable change."

"What did you do in China before you came over to America?"

"Most of my time was spent in school. My father is not known as a rich man. But we never suffered from poverty. I never worked at any regular job."

"What kind of education did you receive at the different schools?"

"As I said before, the schools at that time taught the Chinese language only. They also have mathematics. I learned how to use the abacus. I studied the ancient Chinese classics. The schools at that time stressed the importance of the teachings of Confucius and Mencius. Physical education was not considered important. Today it is one of the important subjects in the schools. In my school now I do not attempt to teach the children the wise saying of Confucius or Mencius. They do not have enough time. In the morning they go to the English school and in the evening they come here. Of course, they stay here from two to three hours depending on how fast or how slow they do their work. And after they go home they usually have to do from one to two hours of English homework. For this reason I never give homework to my students."

"How do the students over here compare to the students back in China?"

"In the first place it is hard to compare the students here and the students back there. Back in China all of the time is devoted to the Chinese language. Naturally, those students have more

time to concentrate on the subject. The students over here have the English school to look after. They naturally could not carry as many different subjects as the others. What we are doing now at the school here is to teach the important things that are required to be successful in business life. We do not find it necessary to teach our students the old classics although some of the works we teach here have been handed down from long ago. The most important thing that we teach our students is the art of writing personal and business letters. Most of the mothers consider their sons well educated if they can read and write a letter."

He continued: "Sometimes it seems that so much time spent in the English and Chinese school is a little too much for the students. They either are slow in their work or they are tired out. We tried to make the work as light as possible and yet at the same time not to sacrifice any of the good qualities. Once every six months we have a huge examination."

"What is your main reason for coming over to America?"

"The chief reason for my coming over is to make a living. Another reason why I came over is the traveling habit in me."

"Another but less important reason is that I have friends over here."

"Do you remember anything about this country that was important in your early days?"

"I was living in San Francisco at the time of the earthquake. I managed to be among those who were fortunate enough to be saved. Right after the earthquake I came over to Oakland with a group of friends. I remember Lake Merritt particularly well. At that time

the lake was a filthy place. It was just a lake with muddy brown water. People avoided it because of the evil smell that came from it. Today Lake Merritt is one of the show spots of Oakland."

"Do you plan to return to China?"

"Yes, I do. Everyone of us who came from China always has a longing to return to the country someday. We do not know why. It is just a longing that exists in our minds. I have been teaching school for a long time and I haven't much time to think about going back to China. But I intend to go back for another visit soon or perhaps to stay there permanently."

"One of the things that I wish to know is what effect has the recent depression had on your school?"

"Little or no effect at all" he answered. "Students did not stay away from the school. And new students came in regularly as usual. And as you probably know, this is not a public school, but a private one. I teach all of the classes myself. Only lately, I have hired another man to help me out with my work."

"Do you think that if you had never come over, you would be doing the same kind of work in China?"

"Yes, I think that I would be teaching school in China. I trained myself for that job. My son is over here studying in the University. Of course, he has graduated already. When he went back to China not so long ago, he worked on a government project. He is an engineer. He is also an architect."

"Do you manage to make a living in your school work?"

"I do not make much money in my work. But I do make enough to pay expenses. My only amusements are the stage shows in San Francisco and reading books."

"Do you go to the cinema much?"

"For the last ten years I have not entered a motion picture theater. My eyes are not as strong as they used to be."

"What do you think about the children born over here in America? How do they compare with children born in China?"

"The most noticeable thing that happens to children that are born over here is the fact that they are not so weak as children born in China. They seem to be larger and taller. There are exceptions, of course. Another thing is that they are not so Chinese-looking as the others who are born in China. It is a little hard to explain what I mean. But if an American-born Chinese is placed next to a China-born Chinese, you would notice the tremendous difference. And the people born over here are not as superstitious as the people born over there. When the Chinese first came over here they brought with them all the traditions and manners of the old country. But as their children grew older and older, they began to adopt some of the American customs and drop some of the ancient Chinese customs. I remember very well my childhood in China. During the new year and other important holidays, my mother would be busy with this and that. And there is one thing she never forgot to do and that was to light two red wax candles and put them on the table where there was also a boiled chicken and three curfuls

of rice and also three glasses of wine. And she would then take each one of the children and lead them to the table and make them bow in front of the candles. And then she would mutter such things as: 'Make my boy a smart boy. Make my daughter a good daughter.' And all sorts of silly things. Now in America this practice is still carried on by the old people. The younger generation pays no attention to it. And little by little the traditional ceremonies of the olden times are forgotten.

"Another thing that the people did in those days was to go to a sort of fortune telling person to have their future told. It is not like the card reading or the palm reading that we see much of in America. They would go to an old woman who makes her living by reading people's future. I saw how they do it just once. First the old woman took a round box in which there were one hundred bamboo sticks. She took the box and shook it up and down until one of the sticks dropped out. On each one of the bamboos there was a number. The numbers were from one to a hundred. If it happened that the stick contained the number one, all that the person had to do was to look up in the fortune telling book and read the first saying. Almost every family does this once a year. In Oakland, not so long ago there was an old woman who did this sort of work. I do not think that she is living now."

"Do you do anything else besides doing school work?"

"Teaching is my regular occupation. It takes up my time and I do not have much time to do anything else. There is one other

thing that I do. Whenever anyone wishes to know a work that he does not know I help him out whether he is a student in my school or not."

It was getting dark and I knew that soon the students would begin coming in, so I asked him: "Since you are a teacher, do you give any advice to your students as to what they should do?"

"I have always made it a habit to tell the boys that come to my school to study mechanics, science, architecture and bridge building. Our country is so far back of time that these studies are of real necessity. We need men who can do this sort of work in our country."

"I won't bother you any longer. I know you don't have much time now. Thanks a lot for the information."

"Before you go I want to give you a book that I recently bought. I want you to read it and if you do not understand it or if anything is not clear just come up and I will be glad to explain it to you."

"All right, I will be sure to come up when I have time."

I have been talking to a man who really knows what he is talking about. I feel as if I have learned a lot about my country that I did not know before.

This man has been in this country for over forty years. And yet during that time he has not been out of the state of California. Almost all of his life has been devoted to teaching. There is nothing exciting in his life. He is happily married. His wife is

still living in China. And his old mother is still alive. His father has been dead for many years. His son is now married. He is going to continue with his teaching career. He is in good health. He is not worrying about the future. Perhaps ten years from now he will still be teaching school. And when he thinks he should go back to his homeland, he will depart from this country and his life long desire will be fulfilled.

Why do the Chinese come here?

Why?

Originals

(Many people)

(has brought and still)

wonder what it is that brings the Chinese over to this country. When questioned they tell you that there are a few and just to say they come over to work, to study, to visit. And some

say rather nonchalantly, "Because we wanted to." (We have come)

Despite the different reasons given, this much can be said. ^(in China) ^{there} People who make a good living and have a good job ^{prefer to leave} rarely come over here. They are content as long as they have enough. ^(than what they have) ^{Repeatedly} When

^(was asked) ^a ^{would insist} ^{would never} I asked a person why he comes over he will say that he will not have come if dependable work had existed for him to do come over if he had some dependable sort of work to do back in ^{adapt} ^{to America if there is} China.

"Why should we come over when we have work to do?" ^(can get in our own country?) ^{we} Indeed, why should they? ^{asked you.} And we listened and agree and say, too, why?

So it is ^(small) ^(then) ^(of the) ^a ^{well} no wonder that most people who come over are poor people. ^{Many doubtless thought} ^(was the promised) Perhaps they have the idea that this golden land ^(Many, doubtless, discovered) ^{that they} promised much. But after many years of hard work they would ^{had} ^{no more wealth than} ^{landed} be in the same position as when they first started.

Foreigners ^{have} ^(been) often accused of saving money in this country and that when they depart ^{of taking all of it} they take all of the money ^{again} ^{to} ^(when they departed) back to their own land and spend ^{at} there. More often than ^{this} ^{quite} not the accusation is unfair. It is true that some do save

enough to go back to their homeland. But in most cases, they do not leave this land a millionaire. ^(and) ^{of} The amount of money they earned they ^{richly} ^(Indeed, for the overwhelming majority) ^(The amount is so slight) ^(can be dismissed as of no significance) deserved. that it could be dismissed and said to be of no difference.

^(in my Chinese school) My history teacher used to say, "Every cent that the foreign people ^{have} earned here they deserved. More often than not they ^{were} ^{id} ^(And yet they were among) are underpaid. ^(the western Pacific) They are the pioneers of this country. Then the first railroads and ^{waterways} ^{it} ^{is} ^{they} ^{hardest} ^{sweated} ^{under} canals were built ^{and} ⁱⁿ ^{repayment} ^{for} ^{their}

foreigners ~~were~~ the ones who did the ^{hard} work. They ^{struggled} and they labored. The money they got in return was ^{the} ^{blood}

labors

and sweat that they poured into their ~~work~~. They all deserved every cent they got."

(They were eager to come here. I! I cannot
~~And we~~ have heard, although ~~we cannot tell whether it~~
~~vouch for it~~
~~is true or not~~, that, in the days of the gold rush, Chinese
~~people~~ came over ^{here} to California in tiny ^{junks} ~~junk~~ boats, ^{they} ~~they~~
^{braved} the dangers of the Pacific without ~~any fear~~. Some per-
~~ished on the way~~, ^{while} others arrived safely. ^{It is from the people}
~~who came over in these junks that some of the present~~
~~the present generations are descended~~, of Chinese are descended,
~~so runs the story. There are even stories to the effect that in~~
~~And we have heard too that every nook and corner of this~~

planet---there ^{you will} ~~one would~~ always find some Chinese people.

~~Of this, I must say, I am somewhat sceptical.~~
~~We are a little skeptical about last statement.~~

~~Now, as against all this, it will probably come as a~~

~~Many will be surprised to hear that in some of the ver-~~
~~there are innumerable~~ ^{where no one has ever}

~~small villages the people know~~ anything about the affairs

of the outside world. In ^{those small} ~~the little~~ villages ^{where nothing exists} surrounded by

~~the sky and earth the people live their routine lives genera-~~
^{but} ^{go living the lives they have led}

~~tion after generation. They make~~ ^(no attempt to better) ~~not effort to raise themselves.~~

^{Wars may} ~~And while war rages,~~ while dictators get assassinated,

~~while political leaders~~ ^{come and go} ~~rages back and forth,~~ ^{but these} ~~the little villages~~

~~still stand~~ ^{serene, firm and} ~~as serene as ever.~~ ^{It is from such villages}

~~that the immigrants came. America, to them, was the promised land.~~

~~They know nothing about the depression,~~

~~Nothing about the economical situation.~~ ^{conditions} ~~Even if they did know~~ ^{And} ^{had heard}

~~rumors about them, they would not have believed them.~~
~~something they make no attempts to believe it.~~

^{was} ^{here} Their one wish ~~to~~ to come over. And their wish, after

^(their one wish was) ^(money) they had come, ~~to~~ to make enough, to go back and see their friends

^{died} before they pass to the land beyond.

~~They make bold attempts to come over.~~ Some succeeded.

~~Others failed.~~ Without doubt, there are many who entered this
~~land illegally.~~

But before I go on let me stop and
speak of something that might surprise many Americans.
In China

(As soon as they arrived the newcomers started)
 Over here the different people started different trades.
 The most common ^(one) was the laundry ^(business) shop. ^(Next in importance was) Another ~~was~~ the meat market, ^{then (general)} the food store, the lottery business, ^{etc.} and many other professions.

^(the merest handful, became)
 Some, and only a handful perhaps less became rich, ~~and~~ like the man who owned the chain of Dollar Stores.

^(of these immigrants consisted)
 The typical family ^(never become) is one of six children, a father and a mother. They are not supposed to be rich ^(which) and that is not strange, ^(for w) with six children ^(who can become) no one can be rich. ^(And their life?) The father and the mother will be the ones who will work the ^(from morning till night) ~~land~~. The children are content to eat, ^(I will be satisfied if they get enough) ~~live~~ not live and eat as ^(people) other do. The women of the house will do the ^(They certainly will not live to) ~~work~~ that never ^(allows them no) ~~ends, work that~~ They do not seem to have any rest. It is no wonder that many

of them looked ^(so much) older than their years. Their faces become wrinkled and their hair gray and thin. ^(yet) They stand ~~all kinds~~ ^{must} of hard work without any complaint. They could stand it.

Life to them is work. ^(And so) Work to them is life. ^(They make) no effort to change. ^(And the years roll by.) They worked all through the years. ^(Then, when they are about to become old people) And when the sunset of life appeared around the corner they, the wife ^(and the husband) gathered up their few belongings and depart ^(for China) from the land. ^(It may be) ^(ever having) ^(it may be,) Perhaps they do not regret coming over here, ^(One thing is definite: they wish) ^(However) to die in their own land ^(as their wish). Only this ^(would) way ~~could~~ they die happy.

Do ^(Definitely) feel the same? ^(No.)
 And the children? Are they of the same opinion? ^(Here were) America is home to them. ^(they are born here, raised here;) ^(here they) studied ~~here~~, and ^(there was their life. And) ^(was) arrived here. Life for them is not all work. ^(Enough work, to be sure, but) ^(as well) But work, with a little pleasure. They live in the Western manner. They ^(very) are not like the old villagers ^(who are) content to ~~stay~~ ^(remain) the same, year after year. ^(they realize that) Life goes forward and the

In short, they belong to
 youth shall lead the way. ~~They are~~ the new generation, ~~a~~
 little more educated, ~~a~~ little more *progressive* *and, after a while,*
 the leader of the family.

They put it this way.
 How many of their parents know geometry, or chemistry,
 or science, or art? *(None but they)* Today the sons and the daughters *are do*
 the ones who know such things. *And so, after a fashion,* They feel superior to their
and this expresses itself in a number of ways. parents *in a way.* Today, who is it that decide, what to buy,
 where to put it, what color it shall be? Truly, Not the
 parents, but the children.

And all this as introduction to the following life
 And that leads us to the following story. *History.*
 It is the life history of a man and his wife.
 But before we can have a story, we must have a man, and
 They are both *youngish,* ~~a~~
 a woman.

~~The man is not an old man.~~

~~The woman is not an ^{it} woman.~~

~~They are both young.~~ Yet they already have six children,
 three boys and three *worth of* "thousand dollars gold," in other words,
 three *girls* *(This is the)* ~~girls~~ very, very formal way of calling girls in the
 Chinese language, is "thousand dollars gold." *(Probably)* *(old, the)* *(not only then,)*
(probably) *(old, the)* *(not only then,)* expression started in the olden times. In olden days, and today
 too, the groom, before he gets married, has to pay a certain sum
 of money to the girl's mother ~~before he could be married.~~ Some people
 of them paid as much as a thousand dollars for a wife. *(This was long ago, in the main,)*
 but *(to the present day, A)* even today the expression still lingers on, ~~the girls are~~ *is*
 still called *(are)* "thousand dollars gold" ~~(are they worth that much,~~
 I wondered).

(father of the family is)
 The man ~~is~~ forty-two, his wife ~~is~~ *forty*. *(They were)* Born
 in China, both of them. They ~~have~~ *been* married *have* through twenty years. *all*
~~happy life.~~ The oldest girl is twenty-two. Now, *this may* ~~can't be~~

come as a shock to Americans. Yet it is ~~shock~~ ^{an example of} ~~school~~ ^{just} Chinese arithmetic. A Chinese baby is one year old ~~when he is born~~ ^{on the day of its birth}, sometimes two. ~~The reason why I~~ ^{the reason} don't know. This might explain why ~~so many lived to such old~~ ^{All} old age. ~~and the children are all born in the California sun~~ ^{were sunny} ~~only~~ ^{one of} ~~them died~~.

Yet despite that, one of the children died from an illness when he was still a baby.

The ~~man~~ ^{father} of the family had ~~been~~ ^{passed} through all sorts of ~~con-~~ ^{vicissitudes} ~~ditions~~. He had been rich, poor, broke, and in debt. ~~And pro-~~ ^{He has been} ~~bably~~ to balance that, ~~he had been~~ a business man, a cook, a store-owner, ^{keeper} a lottery man, a clerk, and last, but not least, a father.

~~The man~~ ^{He} belonged to the ~~certain type of person who was~~ ^{that likes to} ~~always moving~~ ^{(all the time) (has)} ~~and~~ ^{keep}. He lived in Oakland, Berkeley, Vallejo, but never in San Francisco. He ~~just no~~ ^{doesn't} like San Francisco, or, rather, ^{his} the children do not like to live ~~over~~ there.

~~When he~~ ^{many years ago} ~~and his wife landed in the city of~~ ^(many years ago, although they had) San Francisco, ~~they knew a few friends over there, but they came~~ ^(instead,) ~~over to Oakland to live. Here, three children are born to them.~~ ^{(went) (of their) (were)} The other three ~~children are born in~~ ^{were} ~~different places, & mean moved~~ ^{(the) (they)} ~~to, from time to time.~~ ^{in different cities.}

Life to the man and woman was just ordinary. Work, eat and sleep would probably covered the whole subject completely. In the meantime the children are growing up. The oldest child is a girl; the second is a boy; the third, a girl; the fourth is a boy; the fifth, a boy; and the sixth is a girl because there is no other sex. The fourth child was the unfortunate one who died.

^(his growing)
 To support ~~the~~ family the father started a little grocery store in Oakland. The store made ^(just to pay) enough ~~for~~ expenses. It was only during ~~the month of~~ July that the store could be said ~~as~~ ^{to be} making a great deal of money. Why? Because July is the month in which it is legal, ~~nam~~, to the Chinese anyway, to sell fire-crackers, even though it is against the law. ^(Consequently) During those few days of July, the store made more money than ⁽ⁱⁿ⁾ four ordinary months.

^(With) The father finally bought a house by the money he saved up, ^(then took) the man then bought a house and sold the little grocery store to another man. He got a job as a cook in a little corner store. There for three years, he slaved in the heat of the little stuffy kitchen. ^{(However,} By doing this work he soon gained enough experience ^(so) that, three years later, he ^(could) started a restaurant of his own.

He opened ^{this} a restaurant in Oakland. It was a failure. ^(The) Competition was too great. ^(So) He sold his house and moved into Vallejo. There he opened ^{another} a restaurant and ^{with} it was a better success.

Because the children wanted to go to the Berkeley schools ^{he} then the father moved out. ^(here) After the graduation of the older children ^{he moved back} the father again went into Vallejo to live.

- The father learned ^{He} the English ^{what} language by ear. He never studied English ^(either) at school or at home. ^(He learned it simply) But by contact with English speaking people ^{this} he learned the language. And ~~it~~ is not a difficult thing to do. Many ^(Chinese) people ^(English) learned by this method. ^(never learn to) They might not write ^(it) well but, at least, they ^(do learn to) could speak it.

So that today the father is the one who do all of the ^(Today this man works as) speaking in the business. ^(However, his restaurant) His work today is that of a cook. He is still interested in the restaurant business. ^(It is) This is not a large ^(and cannot) place to accomodate great crowds, but a little eating

place where one can eat with comfort. The man ^{does} all of the cooking ^{and} the wife ^{and} the washing ^{of} the dishes ^{and} the pots and pans. The ^{daughters} girls are the waitresses. There is no rushing or hurrying ^{around} because it is not necessary.

The son, ^{has} he graduated ^{from high school and has} last term, got a steady job. He ^{gets} pretty good wages ~~too~~...

Now, ^{as he looks back to his life in China he} the youthful days of the man was just like any other little members that once ^{was} a boy like his son. He ~~remembers~~ there were years of school. And he did a little work when he ~~was~~ a young man. ^{he} used to do there. Then the trip to America and

And then his trip here and the different jobs that he did. ^{all the hard times and the many disappointments he has} And so today we find him a cook. "Perhaps it would ~~never~~ make much no

difference ^I ~~if~~ he had ^{never} ~~not~~ come over. But it ^{here} did make a great deal ^{of} difference ^{to} the children. There, they have an opportunity

to learn important things which they ^{will} ~~will~~ ^{never} ~~never~~ ^{have} ~~had~~ ^{had} they ^{born} back there. ^(And so) perhaps, it is for the best that the father

did come over to America. It ^{is} ~~benefitted~~ ^{who have benefitted} the children tremendously. ^{Think of them} ^{in China}

If the children were born back there, they would probably be living ^{isolated} ^{completely unaware of the outside world} in little villages and remained just as ignorant of outside affairs

as the old villagers. ^{just as their forefathers} And life for them would probably be more strenuous, not so gay and carefree ^{as over here} ~~as over here~~.

For an example we will cite the fact that ^{In} a few days the city of Vallejo will be celebrating the arrival in that city

of the general who, not so long ago, repulsed the Japanese at Shanghai. There will ^{be} a great reception and ^{as still greater} celebration. ^{Then} many

^{people} who heard about the general will have a chance to see him in person. The general is taking the trip as a sort of visiting trip.

Nothing official about it.

^{In short, we Chinese here in America will} ~~to, over~~ ^{we} have a chance to see a celebrated person who

As an example of what they would have missed let me ^{tell} ~~give~~ ^{the following}

Had what has been said. And, as he muses, possibly the thought comes to him:

won the admiration of ^{his} ~~the~~ people ^{and the world} by his brilliant ~~display of~~
~~military strength at~~ ^{defense of} Shanghai ~~not so long ago~~. We will have

a chance to talk to him, perhaps we can ^{get} ~~acquire~~ an autograph ^(from him).

^(Now, had we been) ~~If we were~~ living in the tiny hamlets back in China we

would never have ^(had this) ~~a~~ chance ~~to see him~~. We can assume, and rightly

^{so} ~~too~~, that some of the places in ^(the) Greater China probably ^{never} ~~do not~~

^{heard} ~~know~~ anything about this general or ^(the defense of Shanghai) ~~what happened~~ that made him

so famous.

^{And} ~~The~~ man ^{about whom I have been writing,} is going to invite the general to dinner if possible.

What we are trying to point out is that we, over here, separated from China by the Pacific Ocean, have a grand opportunity of seeing the general while back in China in their own land the people would probably never have a chance to see him.

^(unquestionably) ~~This is what can happen here. And~~ Many years from now ~~these men would~~ probably be ^(will) still working

as a cook. And ^{his} ~~the~~ wife will still be with him. ~~No chance of there~~

^(will be no) ~~divorce here~~. They are not like the Hollywood stars who married

three or four times in a year.

And we end as we began puzzled as to why these people came over. We are still in doubt as to why they came over. We try to make it as clear as possible. If anyone asked us to explain, selves get out of it? ~~How~~ ^{What} their children bene- we will nonchalantly say, why?

Fitted is clear.

A Full Life

On the sidewalks of Chinatown there are many old men. Their faces are tanned by the countless days which they spent outside in the sun. They sit on doorsteps, on chairs, ~~and~~ on the sidewalks. Sometimes one will see an old, old man whose face is covered with deep wrinkles ~~that~~ ^{ing} stand out like the canals in the planet ^M Mars. Some smoke long, old-fashioned pipes ~~that were~~ very quaint to behold. Most of them do not wear shoes. They wear ^(black) a peculiar kind of Chinese slippers. ^A Black. The careful observer ^(might also) will notice that these ^{y (have on)} ~~men wear~~ heavy, woolen stockings. They are bent ^{and} just seem overflowing with old age.

They walk slowly ^{down} on the streets. ^(Most of them are weak and) Their talk is not louder than just ^(above) a ~~mere~~ whisper. ^{A few,} ~~Some~~ who are stronger, talk with loud and strong voices. ^(of Cantonese) All speak different dialects. ^{yet} ~~But~~ they understand each other.

As we watch them we wonder who they are, what they do and why they are here. Perhaps it will be something which we will not be able to explain fully. We wonder what their life ^{is} ~~was~~ like. What did they do when they were young? ^I ~~Was~~ there any difference between ^{what their} ~~life today and yesterday?~~ ^(is today and what it was) I was eager ^(all my attempts at approaching) ~~With this question in our mind we determined to find out the answers. But it was a failure. They are so~~ ^{them directly ended in failure. They were and would not} suspicious. They do not want to talk.

^I Perhaps we should not blame them for not wanting to talk. If someone stopped ^{me} us on the streets and asked ^{me} ~~us~~ to tell ~~about~~ the story of ^{my} ~~our~~ life, ^I ~~we~~, too, would ^{be} ~~get~~ suspicious. So ^I ~~we~~ decided that to approach ^{my} ~~my~~ task of having people tell me the story the only way in which we can get stories is to go to the different of their life in a different way. Instead of stopping people on the street I, therefore,

(and)

went to visit various families ~~there~~ I had better luck families and investigate. And so for this story we will write about what I am now to narrate I obtained in this way. It is a woman who had a "full life." concerned with a woman who had had a full life.

A full life means a good life. And a good life to a Chinese woman means a life full of children. Eight, nine, or, ~~more happily,~~ ^{still better} ten. Women who had small families would say to the woman who had a large family, "My dear ~~Goodwife~~ ^(women), but you must have lived a good and happy life." And the ~~goodwife~~ ^(indeed) would answer, "Life is strenuous ~~what~~ ^(of) with so many children to take care. You are ~~indeed~~ ^{certainly} fortunate to have ~~a~~ ^(a) so small family." But in her heart the woman did not mean what she said. She is happy to have other women praise her.

The young women of today are ~~a little~~ ^{somewhat} different. Their families are smaller. ~~and~~ Perhaps it is for the best that they are. They know that is is not an easy thing to take care of a huge family.

But this woman ~~was~~ ^(I speak of was) a woman of old China. When she became a wife she was aware that she would become the mother of a large family. She was fully prepared to face a life of struggle, of work. For ~~did~~ ^{had} not her mother face the same condition ^s when she became a wife? And her grandmother?

The woman is forty-nine. She has six children. And the youngest one is only two years old. Remarkable, ~~these~~ Chinese women. And what they can do. One of them died when he was a little baby. ~~Another~~ ^(It is a) ^{fact} ⁽ⁱⁿ⁾ strange thing is that almost every family that we interviewed, we found out that ~~there was~~ ^(one) ^{had} always a person ~~who~~ died when he was little. This family was no exception.

~~As expected,~~ All of the children were born in America. The woman ~~married~~ ^(herself had) in China. And her husband was born ~~in America.~~ ^{here.}

3
It is getting to be so much similarity in the different stories that if we close our eyes we could type a story of our imagination and when we finished, it would probably not be so far wrong from being an actual story.

The woman ^{was born in the village of} lived in Ho Chung village. It is a small ^{hamlet} village ^{the province of} in Canton. Her girlhood days were spent there. She had a little schooling. Her mother had a large family of twelve children. The woman ^{was} the sixth child. When ^(she was) a little girl her mother bound her feet until they were not more than five or six ^(long) inches. It was very painful for her, but she stood it all because it was the custom in those days to bind the feet of every girl.

Her feet became so small that if they ^(had been) put into ^(the proverbial) Cinderella's slippers, they would ^(have been) completely lost. She arrived in this country wearing a pair of hand-made flower ^(embroidered) slippers. She was wearing black-silken pants and ~~she had~~ a head-band ^(this head-) ~~across~~ her head. We do not know the English word for it. ^(for which I do not know the English equivalent,) But the band was five or six inches wide and about a foot long. It was put around the head and tied at the back. ^{Its} The purpose, ^{I assume} ~~we presume~~, was to serve as a hat. ~~and~~ Her hair was arranged smoothly, ~~and~~ combed back and ~~was~~ tied at the back. When she arrived people stared at her and wondered what ^(strange creature) it was that had come ashore.

But today, after fifteen years in America, she looked ^(she did) much younger and prettier than fifteen years ago. She showed me some pictures of herself at the time she arrived in this country. ~~And~~ ^{They were truly amazing} they are actually screaming. Personally I would never have known it was the same person if she had not told me so herself.

Today her hair is bobbed. It is arranged in a soft effect with waves that make her look much younger. She does not wear the head-band anymore. Nor does she wear hand-made shoes. Nor does she wear Chinese robes and silk pants. ^(Instead) She wears sweaters and skirts. Really she does not look like ~~she~~ is forty-nine at all. She looks much younger. With the single exception of her feet she ^w could be classified as being quite beautiful.

^{when} Since she gave up wearing ^{her} those hand-made shoes she had a hard time buying shoes that would fit her feet. ^{and} when she first started to wear shoes she had a miserable time. ^(At first) She ~~just~~ could not walk with ^(them on at all) shoes on. The shoes were so big that whenever she walked, the ~~shoes~~ just dropped out. Another woman who had the same trouble with her feet recommended a certain store that sold shoes made to order. ^(and had shoe stocks) This shoe store sold shoes of all kinds and makes. They had a special department in which they ^{look} take care of oriental women who had trouble with their shoes. The average price for one of these shoes was over twenty dollars. ^{But} ^{were willing} and the woman paid for it ^(to pay that) too. These shoes ^{were} are of such superior quality that they last ^{ed year} for many after years.

When this woman ^{they} first bought her pair of shoes ^{at} from this store ^{them} it still did not fit her perfectly. The store made ^(they were) it as small as possible, but ^{herself} it was still too large. So the woman solved the problem by putting cotton ^{at} on the toe end of the shoe, ^{After this she} and she did not ^{no} have any more trouble.

We will not discuss any more on shoes or the reader will think we are writing an essay on footwear instead of writing an interview.

The occupants ~~the~~ could barely move around in this small apartment. There was practically no ventilation and no fresh air. How did she always know where the next meal was coming from and she looks back with some bitterness on this period of her life.

5
This woman ^{does (belong to)} is not the so-called delicate type, ^{although she} ~~She, goodness~~ ^(certainly does not belong to) ~~knows, is not the~~ ^(in every way) coarse type. She is just an average woman. And like all ^(Chinese) ^{are} women, there might be a few exceptions, she wanted to get married and raise a family. ^{she did.} And what a family! As the results will show.

When the woman had her first baby, ^(her relatives) ~~people~~ in China celebrated the occasion with more enthusiasm than ^{those here did.} the people over here.

There were many reasons ^{for this} to explain it. First, the baby was a boy. And ^{the birth of a boy is} ~~the male sex~~ to the Chinese people is considered important. ^(husband's) (Am I blushing.) Secondly, the ~~man's~~ ^{father} in China ~~was~~ ^{thus} becoming a grandfather all over again. Third, the woman sent money back to ^{her} ~~the~~ folks ~~back~~ in China for the celebration.

Nothing would please ^{Chinese} ~~an~~ ^{still better, two or three.} oriental person more than to have a baby boy. Or two. Or three.

Life for the woman, when she was a girl, was not ^(very) exciting. She helped with the housework, and ~~she~~ ^{then} went to school. She married and came over here. ^(At first) She lived in San Francisco, when she came over. As was the custom with many families in those days, she lived with another family, ^{paying} ~~she paid~~ one half of the rent, gas, electric, water, and garbage. ^(In those days) The families were crowded together. Usually there was but one bedroom, ^{or} ~~one~~ small kitchen, and a little room to put ⁽ⁱⁿ⁾ odd things. When the woman had her first ^{child} ~~baby~~, the baby had a little crib of her own. When more and more children came the room was not big enough to hold them all.

The woman sewed clothes on a Singer machine. [#] for many years. Even when she had a small baby to take care, she worked just the same.

Had it not been for the ^(of) generous help of friends, she insisted, she would never have survived those dreadful days.

She put the baby on her back in a, what shall we call it, sort of carrier. It ^{consisted of} ~~is~~ a big piece of heavy cloth with four long bands sewed on ^{at} the four corners.

The baby was put on the back of the woman and the cloth ~~was~~ placed over him. The two long bands at the bottom of the cloth were allowed to drop down the sides. The two bands at the top of the cloth were allowed to drop over the shoulders to the front of the chest. Then all four ~~of the~~ bands were tied together in the front near the stomach. The woman worked many ^{days} ~~times~~ in this manner. ~~And~~ ^{And} sometimes, when she was through with her work, her back would ache and hurt her. ~~There were~~ many Chinese women ~~who~~ worked in that ~~manner~~ ^{condition}. ^{however,} Today, we rarely see the young women using that old-fashioned carrier on the baby.

^{is} The woman speaks English quite well. She, ~~today~~ learned it by ear. She knows the Chinese ~~language~~ ^{in Chinese} fairly well, but not well enough to write letters. It is surprising how many people do not know how to write ~~Chinese~~ ^{in Chinese} letters. Even those who had ^{VP} been to Chinese school^s and know quite a ~~lot~~ ^{good deal, still} do not know how to write ~~them~~ well.

^{When I explained to the woman what I was doing she spoke very freely}

The woman said, "Taking care of a family is not an easy task.

^{Besides} ~~There are~~ ^{other} so many ^{and it is} expenses, ^{to} ~~we have~~ a hard time getting along. ~~as~~

~~we are~~ ^{ever} When someone gets married or someone has a baby we have to buy presents and gifts. And ^{Both these} ~~those two~~ things happen ~~very~~ often so that we are always buying this and that. When any ~~one~~ of the children gets sick we have to worry about the doctor's bill. When their shoes become broken we have to worry about buying new shoes. Worry, worry all the time.

"In China when I was a little girl, we did not seem to ~~have~~ ^(yet) so much worry. We had a large family, ^(yet) we got along all right. If we did not have any new clothes it did not matter. If we got sick, we just drank a cup of herbs recommended to us by the pulse-[?]feeling doctor. We ate rice, greens, and salted fish. Nobody complained about the food.

"But children today are different. They would not eat the same food day after day. They want variety. ~~Or else they would~~ ^{will} not eat. They want new things to wear. They want toys to play with. They are always wanting something. I always ~~said~~ ^{insist} that ~~the~~ ^{any} family who ^(can) make enough ^(to meet) ~~for~~ expenses is very fortunate.

"I spend a lot of money, but not foolishly. ^(yet) I am not like other women who hoard their money. If I think that things are really necessary, I will buy them. ^(There will be no hesitation.) ~~I will not hesitate.~~ ^(even) I think it is foolish to spend money unwisely, but I think it is ^(even) more foolish to hoard it. Not that we should not save money. We should save, but not hoard."

^(I have changed) ^(good deal) ^{here}
"You changed quite a ~~lot~~ since you came ~~over~~?"

"I have. When I first bobbed ~~my~~ hair I felt strange. But nobody laughed at me so I thought it was all right. I was one of the first Chinese women to ^{wear} ~~have~~ her hair bobbed. ^{that} ~~I think it was~~ in 1925 that I bobbed my hair. Immediately all of my friends who ^{were} ~~are~~ not too old, bobbed their hair also. ^(Bobbing my hair) ~~It saved me a lot of~~ ^{work because it meant a lot of trouble arranging!} ~~trouble because I bobbed my hair.~~ ~~When my hair was arranged in~~ the Chinese style ~~I had a lot of trouble~~ ^{and} taking care of it.

8
(That ~~it~~ often meant calling a hair-dresser to fix it

Sometimes we have to have another person fix the hair for us.

When we had a party we ^{would have to} spend hours fixing our hair up. Now with bobbed hair, all we have to do is to give the hair an easy brushing and we are through. ^(My bobbed hair) ~~It~~ helps me a lot because I have so many children. I do not have to spend so much time fixing my hair as I used to do."

"How does America suit you?" "You ask me how I like America.

America is a fine place to live. ⁽ⁱⁿ⁾ Everything is so up to date. In China, ^(for instance) I had trouble with my eyes. ^{I was} short-sightedness.

It wasn't until I landed in America that I ^{were} wear glasses. And I ^(I thought at first they were) think they are a nuisance. I got so used to them, ^{however,} that if I stopped

^(now) wearing them for a day, I could not get along. America is a fine place to raise children. They have so many advantages over here.

The children have a greater scope in the field of education. Take myself for instance. When I was a little girl I did not have half

the advantages ^(Chinese) as the boys and girls of today have. I had to pay for my education. Over here there are public schools ^{and} There one

has the opportunity ^(of learning) to learn art, English, music, arithmetic and scores of other subjects. In high school one ^{can} could learn the higher ^{types of} science and mathematics. Did we have such an opportunity?

No. My girlhood-days ^{were} are not the kind of days that the girl of today would like. I was a little girl, ^(yet I) ~~but~~ was treated like a woman.

I did the ^{house-}work of the house when ^(I was very small indeed) very little. I could cook a meal when I was seven. I did not have much time for pleasure. I had a

little education. ^(but) Not very much ~~though~~ "though," ...

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This woman married when she was twenty-six. That was very old age for a girl ^(in China) to get married. Her husband ^(to America) then came over alone. He worked in America for eight years ^(before) and then he went back to get ^(and bring her) his wife over. She ^(then) was thirty-four, ~~when she came to~~ American. Today living here so long she is approaching the half century mark. ^a While her husband was over here she lived with her mother in the village. ^(have had this same experience)

There are many Chinese families today ~~that are like that.~~ ^(makes his living) The husband ~~is~~ over here while the wife is back there. ^(in China) ~~When she came over the woman~~ ^(As we have seen this woman began changing) little by little began to change ~~from the day she arrived here. She first~~ over. ~~She~~ discarded her native dress and adopted the more modern American clothing. In fact she changed herself completely over. And that ^{was} ~~is~~ something. There are many women today who ^(dress) ~~are~~ just the same as ^(they did) when they first came over. Some of them are ^{even} still wearing those odd looking head-bands. ^{It would} Those women would simply be out of ^(for these women to) place wearing American clothing. They are ~~the~~ one hundred percent Chinese as far as their ^(personal) ^(their) habits and clothing are concerned.

^e This woman ^(in-guestion, however, was) ~~became~~ westernized. She ~~had~~ kept pace with the ever changing world. We can be sure that her children will not be brought up to believe ⁽ⁱⁿ⁾ superstition and ^(other out-of-the-way) ~~odd~~ things.

America is America and China is China. Because she lived over here she ^{felt} ^{only} ^{her} ^(should) thinks it ~~is~~ fitting that the children be brought up in the occidental manner. And they are.

A full life to this woman is a life of children and of work. A life of struggling, a life of hope. How many young people today

"To me, America is a fine place to live in. There are so many advantages here that are unavailable in China. The children have a greater scope in the field of education.

"Take myself for instance. When I was a little girl, I did not have half the advantages as the boys and girls of today. I had to pay for my education. Over here there are public schools where one can learn the higher types of sciences and mathematics. I had no such opportunity when I was a girl.

"I guess I was one of the first women who cut away the old Chinese coiffure. When I first had my hair bobbed, I felt very strange, but nobody laughed at me, so I thought it must be all right. Almost immediately, all of my friends who are not too old, bobbed their hair also. When my hair were arranged in the Chinese style, I had a great deal of trouble taking care of it. Sometimes I even found it necessary to have another woman fix my hair for me. But now with short hair all I have to do is to give the hair an easy brushing, and I am through. It helps me greatly because I have so many children to care for."

She showed me through her house, and I discovered that it was a ^{little}homely and very pleasant place. There ^{was} ~~is~~ nothing in it that ^{was} ~~is~~ Chinese except the people ^{who} ~~that~~ lived in it. Her home is typical of many homes that I have seen, not too elaborate nor too simple.

She follows the Chinese holidays regularly, but without ^{being over-careful} ~~going to the care of~~ observing every ^(small and) ~~ancient~~ detail as she ^{was at first} ~~used to do~~. She only wears Chinese robes when there is a

a big party or when she goes to the theatre.

Her children ^{were} ~~are~~ all born in America. Fortunately for them, they are all well educated both in Chinese and English literature. Unlike most Chinese who know nothing of their own tongue, these children are prepared ^{and} ready to meet opportunities when they come.

America is America, and China is China. ~~Because~~ Because she lives here, this woman knows that it is fitting that the children be brought up in the occidental way, yet without losing any of the culture and background of their ancestors.

And because I know her so well, I am sure that this woman has succeeded in her task admirably.

Yes, like Chinatown ^{itself}, she is modern, changing along with the times. Unlike most old Chinese who remain ^{static} ~~stagnant~~ and ^{unchanged} ~~old~~ in this modern age, she is a very vital part of ^{the new times} ~~it~~, doing her part in determining what is to be expected of the new generation.

Yet a full life to this woman is still a life of children and work, of struggle and of hope. How many of the young modern Chinese women today would call that kind of a life a full and a complete one? And knowing this woman so well, I am certain that if she had to choose her life all over again, she would choose ~~the same~~ ^{it} to live it over again in the same manner.

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XXVI

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Nothing would please a Chinese woman more than to have some one tell her what good sons and daughters she has.

This woman has ten children. Only ~~two~~^{three} are girls. One son, the oldest one is married. The second son is killed in an automobile accident. Everyone of the children is working with the exception of the youngest girl who is but seven years of age. The first and third sons are carpenters. The fourth son is an insurance man. The fifth and sixth sons are delivery boys for the Examiner. The seventh son sells newspaper on a Tenth street corner. The eighth and ninth and tenth in this family are girls. They helped in the house work.

The father is a banker. He worked in the bank for many many years. The wife has a lot of leisure time. She does not have to work. Her husband and her sons more than supplied her with money and food.

The father owned a store and a house. The store is just right next to the house.

The store had a very interesting history. First it was a cigar stand. Then it was a book shop. And later it was a store that sold Chinaware. Today it is an electric supplies store. What next, we don't know.

When it was a cigar stand it did not make much money. Friends dropped in and ~~acquired~~^{required} a package of cigarettes and did not pay for it. And policemen went by smiling because they knew they ~~they~~ would have an extra cigar in their hats when they passed by this stand.

Because it did not make much money the father stopped the business and started a book shop. It was very interesting to know how the book shop became a chinaware shop.

It happened like this.

It was July and all of the Chinese around Chinatown were preparing to sell firecrackers to make some money. This book shop was the second house from the corner. On the corner there was a grocery store. Every year during July this store sold firecrackers. All of the firecrackers and fireworks were stored in the back room of the corner store.

The children in the store were playing with sparklers. They took the sparklers into the store room making believe that the sparklers were flashlights. About an half hour after this had happened, smoke was seen coming out of the room. But it was too late to do anything. The firecrackers were beginning to pop. The sky rockets were whizzing by. A yellow canary was burnt to death. By the time the fire department arrived it was too late to save much. The four walls of the store room were burned to atoms.

The book store was right next to the store room. The walls were placed closed together. The fire escaped through the cracks of ^{the} walls and set the book store on fire.

In a moment the store was a roaring furnace. Everything was burned.

It was a big loss to both stores. However, everything was satisfactorily settled by the fire insurance department.

Then the store was made into a chinaware shop. It did not do a profitable business and the owner changed it into an electrical shop. And today it is an electrical shop. The store also sell carpenter's supplies.

And it is getting along quite well too.

The woman's early life is interesting. She was the oldest one in a family of nine. All her life she did not do any work. She lived

in a big house. She did not have to do any work because all of the servants did the work.

And when she was a little girl her mother looked to it that her daughter had "lily feet." And she had.

She lived a life of ease all her life. Even when she became a married ^{woman}, she did not lead a hard life. She had one child after another. And soon there were ten. All of the children were brought up in a atmosphere of goodness and kindness. The parents were peace-loving people. The children were perhaps too closely bred to be quite fitted for ordinary life. The home is gentle, homely and loving. The children were taught to ^{be} careful in their sin in life.

The children grew up and the oldest son is twenty-two years old.

Years ago, toward the end of December, the sons and daughters of the family delivered books to all of the stores and houses in Chinatown. These books showed imaginary pictures of heaven and hell. And the books taught the people to be honest men and women.

The books were printed with red ink. And there were many illustrations in these books. There were nude figures of men burning in fires...sensual ladies with their stomachs ripped open and the intestines flowing out....devil men with horns on their triangular heads...bodies of men crushed by wheels...spike gardens where the bodies of men and women were thrown into it...on another page...serene faces of angels smiling...food and wine on the table...beautiful virtuous ladies in flowing gowns...handsome men in silk robes..peace and happiness....

This was hell and that was heaven.

When I read the book, "Le Jardin des Supplices," long ago I thought that I had read the most damnable cruel book in fiction. In English that book, translated, is "Torture Garden."

It is written by the French author, Mirbeau. It was a story to show the injustice of all Governments. Only persons who do not have weak hearts could read it. It was a story about the Chinese and their methods of tortures. The vocabulary of the author was one of abuse and it sounded like the words of thunder.

Even that book is dim by the startling pictures illustrated in these books which were distributed by these people.

Another strange thing about this family is the fact that no one would burn any English newspaper. They burn all of the Chinese papers. The reason is that for all the Chinese words one burned, one will know that much more. Silly? But everyone in the family is sincere in the believing ~~of~~ this idea.

Now it is Christmas. On the windows of this electrical store there are green leaves and red berries on the windows. Inside the store there is a great big Christmas tree with white tinsels drooping downwards. Big blue electric globes glistened. And on the bottom of the trees there ~~were~~ many presents wrapped in transparent red paper.

It strikes me as rather strange that such a family is celebrating the Christmas holidays.

The mother explained.

"In China long ago, and even today, we never know that December twenty-fifth is a holiday. Nobody in the villages know. But when I came over to America, I saw that many of the Chinese is celebrating Christmas. Then as the years went by, we got into the spirit of the

~~of the~~ Christmas' holidays. Then as my children grew up, I began to receive presents from them. So that every year I got presents from my children."

The woman goes to all the parties that she could go to. Whenever there is any celebration she is there. Before the Mandarin Theatre on Grant Avenue closed, she used to go there very often.

She too was the daughter of a rich merchant. Her grandfather was a farmer, but her father was not. The father inherited all of the grandfather's money when the grandfather died.

The father went into business life. He made money in his venture. And the sons and daughters were fortunate as all of them had a good education. And all of the daughters in the family had "lily feet."

The woman when she was about eighteen met a young man. The family approved of him immediately. He was born in America. And his father took him back to get married. (rather trite by now)

After the satisfactory amount of money ^{was} ~~is~~ peacefully settled, the man and woman married. And to California they came. The man was educated in the American schools and he had been to high school. Many years later he came over to Oakland. He got a job. In 1920 he got a job at the bank. He had been working there ever since.

Every year in the New Year he sold Chinese lilies. But during the last four years he did not. The reason was that the Chinese people did not buy lilies as they used to do. There are two kinds of Chinese lilies. The one layer and the two layers. People usually buy the two layers kind because ^{it is} ~~they are~~ supposed to be the good luck kind. Poorer people buy the one layer kind because ^{it is} ~~they are~~ cheaper.

The Chinese are very particular about their lilies. They buy the lilies just about time the flowers open. If a Chinese buy some lilies that fail to bloom, he takes it as a sign of bad omen. If the lilies bloom beautifully, then it is a sign of prosperity. If the lilies bloom just fair, then that is a sign of fairness in home and business life.

This man sold lilies for many years. Long ago the prices were high. And people ^{bought} ~~buy~~ it even though it was high. In the last few years there ^{were so} ~~was no~~ much lilies being imported. According to the story it was said that the flowers had a kind of disease.

Now that the father had given up his flower business he does not care. Lilies do not sell good now. And his sons are growing up. They all have ^{jobs}. Even the smaller boys are independent of the parents. They make their own money and they spend their own money. The parents do not have to worry a bit about the financial standing of the children. The father had good money in wages. Yes siree.

And the mother lives on. Content, happy, and gay. At home she ~~does~~ not dress up. Her hair is like a mop on her head. Her shoes are not tied. And often when anyone ^{goes} ~~went~~ to visit her, she is still asleep. She does not have to do any housework. Her daughters do it. She spends her time visiting friends and relatives. She has many friends in the city. She goes over every Saturday and with a group of ladies she attends the stage shows. And she does not come home until Sunday night.

Life to her is just a bed of roses without any thorns. Life to her represents gayety. Happiness. Joy. She is not like other women who work and work all year around. I sometimes wonder if this woman could cook rice or not. Whenever she ^{dresses} ~~dresses~~ up, she looks like as the

[Faint, illegible text covering the majority of the page, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.]

if she were a different person. Her hair is curled. And her face is neatly powdered. And she dresses up in new silk clothes.

She is in fact a different person.

Whenever anyone is make trouble to their mothers, the mothers would say to their sons, "Look at the X---Family. The sons are all working and the mother does not have any trouble. It would be a good example if you sons would be like them."

The woman is young looking. No wrinkles or marks on her face. She had lived a life of ease and she had never worried. Therefore the wearisome and tired look in not in ^{her} body or spirit.

She is about forty-six years of age. She married when she was a young girl. Her life is not like the ordinary life of the average Chinese woman. She is a happy mother.

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asleep. She does not have to do any housework. Her daughters do it. She spends her time visiting friends and relatives. She has many friends in the city. She goes over every Saturday and with a group of ladies she attends the stage shows. And she does not come home until Sunday nights.

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She is in fact a different person.

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The woman is young looking. No wrinkles or marks on her face. She had lived a life of ease and she had never worried. Therefore the wearisome and tired look is not in her body or spirit.

She is about forty-six years of age. She married when she was a young girl. Her life is not like the ordinary life of the average average Chinese woman. She is a Happy Mother.

50
The Shrimpers
~~Hunter's Point~~

On the edge of San Francisco Bay, about five miles from the main city, there is an isolated section of land where the Chinese work and live. It is called Hunter's Point, and it is there that ~~the place where~~ the men prepare shrimps before ~~selling~~ ^{very} them to the stores in the city. There, on the ~~edge~~ ^{very} of the bay, you will find ~~is~~ this group of hard working men, men who really slave and labor at their job, earning ^{their} ~~by~~ living ~~with~~ ^{by} hard physical labor.

I ~~have~~ ^{had} never heard of Hunter's Point until I went there on a trip with my brother Sung. My first impression ^(when I saw it) ~~of the place~~ was that ~~it was~~ ^{was in such} ~~a lonely section where men lived a dull and dreary life, not knowing the ease and comforts of the life outside.~~ ^{and isolated place could be inhabited only by men men necessarily led a dull and dreary existence} ~~unaware of~~

I remember my first trip very well. At that time the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge ~~was~~ ^{had} not yet ^{been} finished, and we ~~had~~ ^{we were going to} to take ~~went over on~~ the ferry. I had been told that ~~it was a very~~ ^{will} interesting place, ~~composed of~~ ^(really) tall buildings, and it was with the expectation of seeing something ^(had gone along) interesting that I ~~went~~. ~~But -~~ ^{was to be one of real disappointment} ~~my first impression of the place was disappointing.~~

~~After we came out of the ferry,~~ ^{took us across} we drove along the edge of the city until we ~~came~~ ^{to} to the outskirts of San Francisco. ~~We~~ ^(indeed) passed broken down streets, old deserted shacks, empty lots, and many empty trains. It was ~~a~~ ^{really} lonely place. ~~we passed~~ ^{we crossed} After a while two bridges, and then came upon a wide road. On both

sides of the road there were large warehouses with ~~their~~ ^{from which spread} ~~everywhere a~~ peculiar yet fragrant smell ~~everywhere~~. ~~Then we came upon~~ ^(then) to the main road, a sort of highway. ~~(A guess)~~ To the right of us ~~were~~ ^{the} hills, ~~rising and falling~~ ^{rose fell} as we ~~passed by~~ ^{sped along}. To the left of us ~~was~~ ^{lay} San Francisco Bay, wide and beautiful, ~~stretching far out into the distance~~ ^{its massed expanse of water}. The ~~wide expanse of water~~ ^{+ horizon} ran far toward the horizon. A cool breeze ~~blew in~~ ^{was blowing}, fresh and exhilarating. The road twisted and turned continuously, and many times I had a feeling ^(of fear) that perhaps Sung ~~might~~ ^{would} collide with ~~an~~ ^{some} oncoming car. However, no ~~damage happened~~ ^{accident occurred}, and ~~in~~ ^{finally} about ten minutes time, we ~~reached~~ reached Hunter's Point. ~~At first glance, it was an isolated place, with a few broken-down shacks down near the edge of the ocean. Upon the road, there were some stores, a restaurant, and perhaps a gasoline station. I do not remember.~~ ^{It certainly appeared isolated enough. All one could see were some broken-} ^(Further along) ^{I believe,}

There was the bay to one side of us, and on the other side the hills loomed up dark and impenetrable. It was our first trip there, and neither my brother nor I knew where the place we were looking for was located. If we continued on the road, we would come upon the road again with nothing but water and hills around us. If we turn ^{it} back, we would be back to the main city. Sung stopped the car and looked around, searching for ~~a place~~, the Quong Fat Shrimp Company.

"Maybe it is down among those dirty shacks," I told him.

"It can't be," he said, "how could a store be located right on the edge of the ocean?" ^{above} However, he did drive the car down a dirty road and ^{went} (slowly we drove) along, looking at one shack after another.

We saw the California Shrimp Company, the Golden Gate Shrimp Company, and countless others, but we could not find the one we were looking for.

I said to Sung, "Why, these places cannot be shrimp stores. They are so dirty and old. How could anyone expect to do business here?" Sung laughed, "Well, I really don't know." Once more, we went among the shacks, slowly looking at the signs, and once again, we ^{could not} find the Quong Fat Shrimp Company. Then Sung drove the car up to the main road again, and we stopped at the restaurant nearby, the Lincoln Cafe.

I ordered an orangeade, and Sung had a root beer.

We were just about to go, when I suggested to Sung, "Why not ask the man here, he might know the place we are looking for."

Sung looked surprised, feeling sort of ashamed that he didn't think of that first.

"Why, it's just a ^{few} ~~few~~ steps from here," the man told us when Sung asked him. "I do not see how you can miss it."

"We looked all around, but were unable to find it."

"It is the first shack you come to," the man said, "the reason why you have missed it is that you cannot see the name of the place until you have driven down near the very edge of the ocean."

This time Sung drove the car down a rather steep road, and we stopped in front of a large gray building, almost crumbling, so aged it looked. There was a big sign on the wall with these letters: The Quong Fat Shrimp Company.

Here the ~~entirely~~ ground was covered with large wooden boards, and it was quiet, like a deserted farm house in the lonely prairie. I could hear ^{hearing} the waves of the bay lapping down beneath me, for we were on a sort of raised-up platform, supported by long wooden poles. The air was salty, I could almost taste it. The wind blew with a ~~###~~ fury here, for there was nothing to abate the pushing wind. The whole place was about the size of half a city block, with four or five shacks forming a fence-like structure around a wide empty space in the middle. On one side there was an open space where the cool wind blew unceasingly inwards.

"There seems to be no one here," I said to my brother.

He looked around, from one building to another. We went toward a door and knocked. There was no answer. Then we made our way to another building, and this time we knocked hard. Presently the door was opened by an old man, very brown and sturdy, his whole body tanned by the California sun. He was wearing an old union suit, yellow with age, and on his feet were two long heavy black boots. He was the *only* one there at the time.

He seemed at a loss to understand our presence there.

"We come to get some shrimps," I told him.

Suddenly remembering, he said, "Yes, you're from Oakland?"

I nodded.

"They are ready," he said, and he led us to another building. It was a low building, ^{made} built entirely of wood, right at the very edge of the bay.

"We almost got lost," Sung told him.

He smiled. "Most people that come ^{here} ~~also~~ could not find this place. They all think this is an isolated shack where nobody lives."

He opened the door of the shack, and a strong odor of shrimps came toward me. The room had no windows, only large square holes cut through the wood without any glass. whatsoever. Large low tables with wire nettings were all around the walls, and on the floor there were ~~square~~ holes about six inches square. Looking down, [^] I could see the green water of the bay, rising and falling near the edge of the supporting poles. The room was filled almost to capacity with wire nets, long ropes, and wire trays for shifting shrimps. On top of the tables there were an immense quantity of shrimps, all freshly ~~cooked~~, all shifted to the right size. Even inside the room, I felt cold, since the wind blew in from the holes on the wall.

With a large piece of wooden board, the man swept the shrimps into a large burlap sack. He filled two sacks full and weighed them. There were over two hundred pounds.

Then Sung and I carried them out to the back of the car. Sung paid the man, and we were on our way back to Oakland.

I said to my brother, "It must be dreary ~~work~~, living there, doing that kind of work."

"It looks like it," he said.

But that was my first ^{trip} there. After my second trip I changed my mind, for ~~after~~ watching the men at work, it seemed like a fascinating place, and the work was ~~most~~ interesting to ~~watch~~.

One night about ten o'clock we received a telephone call from the ~~company~~ ^{man} in San Francisco. He told mother that he had about three hundred pounds of shrimps, and asked if we could go over and get them. At that time, my brother Sung was not home, and since I cannot drive a car, mother told the man to save the shrimps until the next morning. After she had ceased talking, my brother Sung came in.

"You must hurry," she told him, "for they are not going to wait too long for you." I decided to go with my brother Sung that night, and I was glad that I did, for I had a chance then to watch the men at work, and work it really was, hard physical labor that I know many men could not stand.

We drove quickly across the bay bridge, and about five minutes before eleven, we reached Hunter's Point. We went up to Chinatown first and had something to eat, therefore, delaying our time.

At night the road to Hunter's Point was dark, and unless the driver ~~is~~ ^{was} careful, he is ~~is~~ ^{was} liable to drive right into the bay, since there is no fence on one side of the road.

Just before reaching the shack down at the edge of the ocean, I could see smoke rising up from a long pipe.

"They are cooking the shrimps now," my brother Sung said.

He drove the car down a dark road full of bumps, and from a different direction, he ~~drove~~ ^{turned} the car into a small pathway and stopped there. We both got out, but we ~~could see~~ no one ^{was} outside. We saw an open door and made our way there.

We entered the room and saw ten men sitting at the table, eating their night dinner.

One of the men greeted us. "Why, I thought you were not coming over. Your mother told us that you ^{would} will come tomorrow morning, so we did not prepare the shrimps for you."

"You mean, they are not ready?" Sung asked.

"We have them here," the man said, "but they are not ready for you to take back. All of us were going to retire after eating, but since you are here, we shall prepare them for you. All of us have to wake up tomorrow at two a.m to go out into bay to catch shrimps. But since you spent the money coming over here, and since we are doing business, we shall help you out this time. The men will probably have about two hours sleep tonight, then they will have to ^{wake} ~~wait~~ up ~~again~~ and go out into the bay in the early dawn. If you ^{had} were to arrived here about ten or fifteen minutes later, we would all have retired."

"I'm so sorry we are late," Sung said. "I should have come directly here instead of going up town for awhile."

The man said, "It just happens that during these few days we have to go out early, or else we would get nothing at all. Shrimps do not come in everyday, only on certain days." Then he added, "You will have to wait about forty-five minutes."

"We'll wait," Sung said. He and I went outside. It was very windy, the cold air blowing directly in from the bay.

At night, this place has a strange fascination ^{to} ~~to~~ me.

above
Up ~~above~~ the sky was black, and far away I could see distinctly the yellow lights of the bay bridge, glistening against the dark sky. The two large electric lights threw a peculiar light in the open air. The buildings were illuminated in a queer way, one side bright, and the other side very dark.

I wandered into the shadows, peering into the darkness, seeing nothing but huge grotesque ^{shapes} shadows which seemed to move now and then. The wind was very cold, blowing with an intensity I had never experienced before. It seemed to bite deep into my face, stinging my ears.

When the men finished eating, they all came outside, ~~all~~ of them wearing heavy leather coats, and long black boots which reached all the way up to the knees. Even in the dim light,

I could see that everyone of the men is strong and husky, very brown and tanned. On their faces, lines were visible, the signs of ~~being~~ hard work and sunshine, the ravages of time in the open air. They moved about quickly, without loss of time, each one knowing exactly what ~~was~~ ^{is} expected from him.

A big trough full of whitish water was boiling rapidly, the gas flame underneath, making a loud sound like ~~that of~~ a blowing wind. Two men with wire dippers were bring^{ing} up from this water small pieces of fish, and these useless pieces were thrown into large baskets which were carried away and emptied back into the bay. On the floor five large baskets of cooked shrimps were standing, steaming with heat. The men emptied all of them on the floor, spreading them out with a wooden broom until the shrimps were like a thin flat pie.

The men turned the shrimps again and again, letting the steam out. I watched on, and I asked one of the workers, "Why is it necessary to put them on the floor? It is so dirty."

He answered, "It looks dirty, but it isn't. The shrimps have thick shells, and the dirt is unable ^{to} ~~to~~ penetrate through. Besides, they have to be cooked again." He continued to sweep the shrimps back and forth with a regular broom, turning them over and over. "This is to make them cool quickly," he explained. Even when no more visible trace of steam could be seen, the worker still turned the ~~shrimps~~ shrimps, sweeping them back and forth. Then they let the shrimps lie on the floor for about five minutes. When ^{they} were satisfied that the shrimps were cool enough, they swept them up, and put them into large baskets which were carried then to the trough where they were emptied. The men did not allow the shrimps to stay in the hot water for long. Almost immediately they were taken out with a large dipper and put back into the large baskets.

"If we let the shrimps boil too long, the meat would become soft and pasty," one of the men said to me. "The secret of cooking shrimps is in the timing. After we are used to it, we know exactly how long to put the shrimps in without the aid of a clock. These shrimps you see here have been cooked, but this second cooking is necessary because they are of a different variety."

I found out afterwards that the secret of cooking shrimps is handed down from father to son, and it is not revealed

to anyone, especially outsiders.

I watched the men. They were ~~unconscious~~ of the cold wind ~~at all~~, and they went about their work with the ease as if they were working inside a warm room. These men were strong, I could tell. They lifted whole ^{baskets full} of shrimps without the slightest strain, easily and quickly.

The cooked shrimps were carried into the room where the wire-netting tables were located. The men poured the shrimps down on the top of the table. Each man then took a large tray, made of wire nettings, and shrimps were then put on top of this tray. With their hands, the men shook the tray in a circular motion, and the small shrimps began to drop down onto the table, leaving all the good sized shrimps ^{on} the tray.

After this was done, the man had to take out all small fishes and crabs which were mixed with the shrimps. They did this by hand, and it was slow tedious work. When all the shrimps were sorted, they were carried out into the open air once more. They were spread out on the table outside to let the wind cool them.

One of the workers said, "This cold wind will cool them quickly. We cannot put them into the sacks while they are hot. If we do, by the time you get back to Oakland, they will all be ruined."

Many men began to sweep the shrimps back and forth with large wooden boards. We had to wait fifteen minutes more.

Meanwhile the men began to clean every basket, every tray that had been used. Cold water ^{was} ~~were~~ splashed over the tables, the floor, the walls, and all rubbish and salt were

swept away, flowing down to the bay through the holes in the floor.

The shrimps were now cool enough to be put in sacks. When they were weighed, there were only two hundred and forty-seven pounds.

Sung and I carried them out to the car. We paid the man and then we started back for Oakland. Going away, I looked back, and suddenly I had a strange feeling, a feeling of being weak and puny.

Those men were going out soon, at two a.m., out into the bay, into the cold wind. I think that their lives must be monotonous, ^{such} ~~and~~ long steady labor. Days, weeks, months, years, most of them have gone on thus, each one, strong and sturdy, a man in himself. I wonder if they get much money, for such hard work. But in their faces they seem happy in their work, and I have a faint suspicion that their lives must be more interesting ^{than} ~~than those of~~ ^{ours} who sit back and do nothing, except ~~to~~ eat and sleep. Monotonous their lives may be, but they really live, out in the sun and rain, out in the cold and heat.

And all the way back to Oakland, I was quiet, thinking of those men, and I said to Sung, "Well, I guess I have something to write about now."

I must confess at this very beginning that supplying an autobiographical sketch about myself is not an easy task. For the very reason that I have done nothing startling, nor have I accomplished anything worthwhile putting down on paper. Of course I am a Chinese, as the very reason that I am one of a large family, four sisters and three brothers, including myself, would automatically give me away as an oriental.

To tell about my family or myself would be as baffling as doing a cross word puzzle in Greek, for there is almost next to nothing to tell.

But since I must say something I will say that I just am crazy about motion picture shows, and I read a great deal, novels and short stories. Even if I say so myself, I could read and write English, French, Chinese, yes, just a little.

There's nothing I like better than to loaf around and not do anything, except of course, going to the shows, reading, eating, and sleeping.

I started school at the Lincoln grammar school at Tenth and Harrison in Oakland. After eight long and extremely tedious years I was finally given a piece of paper in a white envelope stating that I am to go the Westlake Jr. High. School there was much better since I stayed there only one year and not eight. Well, I have more school at Technical High where I took up geometry, chemistry, history, all of which I have completely forgotten now. After I graduated I didn't do nothing, I mean anything, (no double negatives) worthwhile.

So the two years after I graduated I just took everything easy until something should pop up and it finally did on a winter day when one of the steam stoves exploded and shot a piece of steel through my mother's bedroom door and went clear through to the other wall. At this time we moved not because of the explosion, but because my uncle bought a store and rented two houses and we lived down on Fifth Street.

We stayed there about two or three years I don't remember definitely. At this time my father was working at a store in the city. Yes, and I was still loafing around here and there, being one of the few or many that haven't yet had the fortune to enjoy the results of the New Deal.

Then one day out of a clear sky one of my former teachers at school came down and see me. The results was that soon I found myself working for Mr. Radin for six months. Six and a half to be exact. And one month for Mr. Gaer. But the project was so dull that I quit of my own accord kissing goodbye to thirty-five dollars and fifty cents for six months. During that period of loafing, I just loaf and loaf until one day Mr. Radin came to see me, and here right now I find myself typing this, which is suppose to be a story of ^{my} life. Strange how things happen in this bewildered world of ours.

And that's all about myself. And since I have to write four or five pages as I have been told to do, I guess I have to write about something, in order to fill up two or three pieces of blank paper.

My father is a citizen of America, born in California way, way back, perhaps about fifty three, four, or five. I

don't know myself the definite date, and I am sure he doesn't either unless he gives me the key to go to the bank vault and look it up in his private papers. And that's too much trouble just to look up a date.

My mother is born in China in the days beyond recall, to me anyway. After she was married she came over to America and has been here ever since. She worked quite, having done work in sewing, embroidery, and making clothes. And after many years of work, and of struggle, she became the mother of a large family, too large in fact. But who am I to complain?

Well, things happen from good to worse, from worse to good, somehow it never manage quite to reach excellent.

I must say too that I got a sister already married for three or four years, and she has a child. Nothing strange, married woman usually have children, except it showed that progress has retarded slightly. Formerly it was possible to know how many years a Chinese woman is married by counting the number of children they have. But time has changed.

Here I am on the third page and I almost exhausted everything I have to tell. Let's see....

I have a brother that plays basketball, and a sister that wears glasses, nothing important, but it helps fill up space anyway.

Only one more page to go.

My father has been a tailor for many years, and still is, I hope. He has done all sort of work, but mostly being a dressmaker.

Well, I finally reach the fourth page at last.

I must say that my mother is quite superstitious. My father too. Fortunately for us children, we are not, despite the fact that we avoid going under ladders.

If my arithmetic is right I am twenty years old, almost twenty-one, although I might not admit it. Although the Chinese say I am much older, because of this and that calendar, I am actually twenty and three-fourths years. I guess I made it clear to everyone, or don't they care?

I have never taken a typing lesson even though I know how to type, if I can call it that.

And when I type I usually hand things in just like that, the papers filled with eraser marks, ink spots, and corrections almost unreadable.

But a lazy person is like that, I guess.

Personally to be frank, if it wasn't for the money, I would probably let my typewriter rot and die because of old age. And when I get ^{paid} ~~pay~~ for what I do, I do it, even though they might not be worth paying for.

But what's the use of arguing anymore. Live and Learn!



XXXVIII

Very beautiful

This month I have sixty hours to write. I had already worked fifty-five and a half hours. So I have only four and a half hours left. I did not know what to write about. I thought about writing a story about rats in our house. But I could not make a story out of ^{them} it. So I did not write about rats. I thought about writing a story of two boys, but I could not think of a good plot. So I did not write a story about two boys.

Suddenly I said to myself, "Why not write a story and called it 'Four and a half Hours?' " It seemed like a good title and so I wrote this story and called it "Four and a half Hours."

But how could I base a story on just four and a half hours. I did not know. Four and a half hours are a long time. Much could happen in that time.

One could see a movie and sit through it twice. Or one could read many chapters in a novel. Or one could think and think and not be able to write a story at all. Or one could finish ^{two} to complete rounds of mah jong. Or one could go to San Francisco and back. Then again and back again. And have some time left over. Four and a half hours are a long time.

Or one could be so absorbed that one forgets about the time. As in reading a extremely good book. As in playing bridge. As in fishing in the brooks. Four and half hours are a short time.

In writing a story four and half hours passed away very quickly. In that time one either writes a good story or one wastes the complete time thinking and not succeeding in getting an idea. Those hours are like a century, so long are they. But once one gets an idea, the time passes away very quickly. And soon the four and a half hours are up.

I said to myself, "A good story must have suspense and plot." I thought about suspense and plot. I must put them in this story. But somehow I failed. Why, I did not know.

The day was cloudy. Perhaps it might rain. I could talk about the rain, the clouds, and the weather. But who would be interested in them? No one. So I did not write about the rain, the clouds, and the weather.

Perhaps I should write a story about Chinese New Year. But I decided to save that subject for another time. Today I am not in the mood for writing a good story.

Outside in another room I heard my mother ironing the clothes. She called to me, "Is this shirt yours?" I went out to see and I said that it was mine. I wasted two minutes this way. When I sat down to continue my story I did not know how to commence again. I sat staring at my paper and typewriter for awhile.

I found out that to write is a most difficult thing to do. All I needed was that certain spark of an idea and then I could write. Sometimes the spark refused to come and that day more often than not I would write a very poor story. I wondered how other authors worked. Do ideas just come to them or do they think and think? I did not know. I would like to know.

It was almost noon. I heard the siren of the Tribune blowing. I listened to it. I thought that perhaps I could write a story and used the siren as a hero. That's a good idea, I thought.

I stopped a little while. I did not know how to continue. I looked at the zipper of my sweater. I pulled it up and down. Thus I wasted five minutes. Then I stopped. I must finish this story I said to myself. I must.

I just sat down after an hour rest. I am not going to count that hour on my four and ^{hours} ~~a~~half ^{have} ~~hers~~ work.

I was resting on my bed. I must ^{have} drowsed a way for awhile for when I woke up I noticed that many minutes had flew away. I read awhile in a novel I was reading. Soon the end of the hour came. I went back to my work.

After I finish this story I might go to a moti~~on~~n picture show or perhaps I would continue reading my novel, I thought to myself. I went to look at the newspaper to see what was showing at the theatres. But I found out that the paper did not come yet. I looked at the program on the wall. I noticed that the American Theatre was going to show "The Thin Man" and "Call It Luck." I already saw the "Thin Man" when it was shown at the State Theatre not so long ago. If I had nothing to do tonight, I would go and see it again.

I looked at my watch and and I found out that I had worked quite a long time. "Why don't the four and a half hours ~~come~~ to an end," I said to myself.

While I was typing, one of ^{my} ~~a~~nails break, and I saw that I forgot to cut them. I went to the drawer and got a pair of scissor out and I cut my nails. Now I could type faster. I wanted to finish.

I didn't know what to write about so I looked around the room. On the wall right next to my bed there were many pictures. Pictures that I ~~p~~ainted myself when I was in High School. They looked pretty good. One was a pencil sketch. Another was an linoleum block cut. The rest were water colors. On another wall was a picture of a movie star which I copied out from a magazine. It looked just like the star. Perhaps I ought to be an artist. I could draw better than I write.

The room was getting dark. I could not see so very good. So I opened the electric light. I felt more cheerful. The dreary feeling that I had just a moment ago went away. Now I could write, I thought.

But I didn't know what to write about.

Outside in the kitchen I heard someone frying eggs to make a sandwich. I felt hungry. I went out and ate two piece of bread and I drank the juice of two oranges. I felt better. I am not so tired.

The room became brighter and brighter as the sky became darker and darker. Perhaps I won't go to show tonight. If it rains then I will stay home and read and listen to Grace Moore or Bing Crosby. Last week I listened to them. They both sang over different stations but at the same hour. When one finished a song I listened to the other. Tonight I am going to do the same thing.

I heard an airplane buzzing overhead. I listened to it. I stared out of the window and saw that it was a kind of red airplane. I watched it disappeared from view. Then another airplane came into view. I watched it too. What was the matter with me today. I could not concentrate on my work. My mind kept wandering away. I could not think. I felt a little cold so I put on my new sweater which I bought yesterday for one dollar and ninety-five cents.

I just stopped for ten minutes. I did not know how to go on. What more have I got to write? I worked almost two hours. I must think of something else. But what? Why am I having such a difficult time today?

In the next room I heard my small sister fighting with the next door boy. The boy was crying. I heard my mother scolding my sister.

Then I heard my sister crying too. The little ^{boy} from next door went home. Well, this incident helped me to continue with my story anyway.

I saw the postman went by. I went out to get the magazines and letters. I got a letter from a friend in New York. The letter said that it was snowing terribly in New York. And that it was very hard to move an automobile out into the streets. The letter was very long. When I finished it I said, "It's good to have friends and hear from them."

I heard an automobile stopped on the sidewalks. I looked out. Someone called my name. I went out and I saw a friend that I have not seen for almost two years. I saw one of my school mates too. I said to my friend, "Where have you been?" He said, "I just came out of the country to celebrate the New Year." He said that he liked the country very much. I noticed that he grew fatter and stronger too. I talked to him for about fifteen minutes and then he said that he had to go as he had to return to the country in the next morning.

I said goodbye to him.

The afternoon paper came. I glanced at the funny papers and I read the editorials. Then I read the radio column. There were going to be many good programs that night. So I am going to stay home instead of reading or going to the shows.

My small sister tried to come into my room but I locked the door. I could not work when anyone was around me. I must be alone. Absolutely alone.

I felt a little tired so I went out and took a walk.

It was a half hour later when I came back. I felt much better. The cool air had soothed me very much.

I changed the carbon paper before I started to write this page. The other carbon paper was all used up. Now I have only six more sheets of carbon paper left. It would last me for a time.

I decided to finish this story after dinner.

At six o'clock I listened to Bing Crosby on the radio. The first song he sang was "Blue Moon." He sang it very nicely. Later in the program he sang "Love in Bloom." I decided that there was nobody who could sing as ^{well} good as this Crosby lad. I switched over to hear Grace Moore. She was singing a song which was very familiar. But I forgot the name of it. And only the week before this I heard Miss Moore sang "Love in Bloom." She sang it nicely too. Such a sweet voice.

Music certainly had charm. When one is tired and worn out music helped to sooth the nerves. And then the tired and work out feeling left my tired body.

I could continue with my story now.

I went back to my room. It was almost seven o'clock in the evening. My brothers and sisters had just come home from Chinese School. They were very noisy. They bothered me very much. My brother said, "Will you help me ^{with} my French?" I said that I ^{would} ~~will~~ after I had finish^{ed} this story. He took one of my books and started reading it.

My sister wanted me to help her with the algebra. Oh, why did everyone bother me when I am so busy? This week was new year. There were many guests coming and going. Noise and more noise. I must finish this story. My four and a half hours were almost up. I am glad.

I must finish before I go to bed tonight. I must finish.

A friend dropped in and suggested that we played mah jong. I said that I would play if I could finish this story. I hurried. A woman and his son dropped in to visit my mother. The boy wanted to borrow my copy of "Anthony Adverse." I lent it to him.

The woman gave me a quarter wrapped in a piece of red paper. I was rather ashamed to take it because I was so big. But I took it for a quarter is a quarter ^{these} ~~these~~ days.

My brother and the boy ^{are} ~~is~~ getting ready for a game of mah jong. I looked at my watch. I worked approximately four and a half hours. Well, my story is finished and I can play mah jong with my friends.

I was rather surprised that I could write this story in this time. It is a rather long story. I wrote in in four and a half hours. I was proud.

I had written a story without any plot. My four and a half hours are up and this is the story that I am going to hand in.

Old man Stevens receives his food card the other day, and he squints his eyes to read it. In big letters there are these words in black ink. FREE SUPPLIES EVERY TUESDAY. Down at Tenth and Castro, every Tuesday.

So on Tuesday Stevens goes to the place on Castro Street, and he sees a large line of people waiting on the street, like a long crawling snake, squirming its way into the door.

Through a large window Stevens^N sees a long table and many men, busily scratching their pencils on pink pieces of paper. Some men and women in the lines are carrying their own paper bags. Old man Stevens waits in the line. Soon he reaches the small window inside. He hands his food card to the man inside the window.

"Your pink card, please," the man in the window says.

Old man Stevens says, "I left that at home."

"You must go and get it," the man says.

Old man Stevens says, "Hell," and he turns to go home.

He comes back in an hour, and hands his pink card and food card to the man in the window. The man stamps a date on the back of the food card, and hands it back to old man Stevens.

Old man Stevens is the sole support of six people, his wife and five children.

He is lucky to get this government job, and what's more, he's getting free food supplies once a week. He is happy.

Stevens goes to the long table and waits. He hands his card to the man in the table. The man writes a number on the back of Stevens' food card. He says to Stevens, "Just bring

that over there." Stevens squints his eyes again.

"Over there," he says.

"Yes, there," the man answers.

Stevens goes over there and waits again.

A man is busily wrapping up can beef, rice, and fresh meat. It looks stale, Stevens thought.

The man comes up. Stevens hands him his card.

The man takes up four cans of beef, two pounds of rice, one large cut of frozen meat. He puts them in a box and gives them to Stevens. The man says, "Check your things over there."

Stevens goes to the end of the table. Another man takes his card and looks at it.

"Okay," he says.

He gives back to card to Stevens.

Stevens goes outside, carrying the heavy load on his back.

Next Tuesday Stevens comes again. He goes through the same routine, only this time he does not forget to bring his food card.

This week there are different foods. Stevens gets ten cans of peaches.

Stevens says, "Is this all?"

"Yes," the man tells him.

Stevens goes home again.

And the next Tuesday Stevens comes again.

This week he gets some dried foods, five pounds of butter, and one can of roast beef. On the can there are these words.
NOT TO BE SOLD.

An Old Man

It was a dark and gloomy day, a day when the rain fell lightly but strong enough to soak an old man to his skin.

He was a poor man. He had been wandering through the streets aimlessly. He did not know where to go or what to do. Suddenly in the clearing on an empty lot he perceived a man burying papers and little pieces of wood. That man was cooking his meals. The old man had not eaten for a day and he was hungry. He gathered enough courage to approach the man and asked for a meal. He got it too.

That was the beginning of a staunch friendship that lasted throughout the years.

From then on the life of the old man was spent out in the great outdoors. He lived in a little wooden shack which he constructed with his own hands. He got water for his needs from the garage man around the corner. He got food from the vegetable man who lived right across the lot.

The vegetable man had a lot of left overs which he gave to the old man each day. And sometimes the families nearby brought a little this and that to him. For about seven months the man lived that sort of a life. But the man did not worry a bit. He knew that somehow this would not continue forever. And it did not.

The man had friends but he was too proud to go and ask for help from them. He struggled along hoping that he might get a job.

The man was alone. His wife and his only child had died. He was here in America when he heard the bad news. He did not have enough money to go back. Now he even lost his family.

It was in 1920 that he lost his wife and child. At that time he was working as a cook in a Chinese hamburger shop. He did not have a huge salary, but it was sufficient to keep him out of the red. Sometimes he sent a little money back to his wife for expenses.

Through a cruel blow of fate, he lost his job at the shop. Money was getting scarce. By way of economizing he ate two meals a day instead of the regular three. Soon the amount of money he saved up was all spent. There was no job in sight. And soon he owed money to the landlady. It was a little two room flat. It used to be a storeroom. But because the man could not afford to have an expensive place, the lady rent the rooms to him for ten dollars a month water and electric inclusive.

The landlady allow him to stay three months overtime. He borrowed money but he spent them on food. Besides the amount he borrowed was very slight.

It was right after then that he roamed around the streets. For over six months he lived in an empty little shack that he constructed himself.

The change in his life began when a certain baby was born. It happened that this woman who had the baby was living across the street from the old man. The woman was poor and she could not afford to hire someone who could cook pig feet in vinegar or chicken with whiskey.

Whenever a Chinese baby is born, the third day after the the birth of the baby it is the customary thing to pass to the different friends a bowl of pig feet cooked in vinegar and a bowl of chicken cooked in whiskey. It is just a custom that

the Chinese had been following for a long time.

And the thirtieth day after the birth of the baby is an important day also. It is the day when the mother cook red chicken eggs. It is a field day for the chickens. Often a whole case of eggs is necessary for this important day.

This man was hired by the woman who had the baby. The man was an expert in the cooking of fancy dishes. So that whenever anyone had a baby, the man always had a job.

Soon he got a regular job as cook for a family which was quite large. There were ten in the family including the father and the mother. The man got a small salary, but his room and board were provided to him. He worked at that job for many years before he got a still better job as a cook for a big restaurant. He got three dollars a day as cook for that restaurant.

In a small village in Canton there was a house reaching high up into the sky. There was a tiny garden with a great variety of flowers behind the building. In the middle of the garden there was a pool with pure water and many gold fish feeding in it.

On the left side of the building there were great giantic mountains and on the other side there was a great piece of level land.

That was the birthplace of the man. He was the second child in a family of five children. His father was an American citizen. His mother was a native of China. Both are dead now.

He started school at the age of eight. The school was quite far and his mother always accompanied him to school. The school where he went was a noted one and that was the reason for his parents sending him there.

When he was fourteen years old, he went to a junior high school. The name was The Ho Lung Junior High School. It was supported by the county and there were more than five hundred students in it. The school at that time did not teach English or French as the schools of today do. He was taken out of school because his uncle wanted him to help with the business. The age of nineteen was his last year of education he enjoyed in school. After he was taken out of school, he worked in his uncle's office as a book-keeper. Day after day the work was getting to be more and more interesting.

His mother did not like it very much, because she wanted him to go to America, and she often said to his son, "You will have a good education if you go to America." So the son thought thought this over. He liked the idea very much. So he wrote a letter to his father who was in America at the time. So in the following year he sailed to America from Canton.

Weeks later he reached the Golden Gate. He saw the beautiful ^{city} of San Francisco for the first time in his life. He said to himself, "I never saw such buildings. I hope I will reach them soon."

He landed in San Francisco. He was very happy and glad. He saw his father and brother. He lived in San Francisco for two weeks. Then his father sent him over here to study.

After his graduation from the grammar school he did not go to the junior or high school. His father immediately made him go to work. He did not have a very good job at the beginning of his career. He was an ironer in a Chinese laundry shop.

He worked at that job for almost a year and he was dissatisfied with the work. He wanted a position with better pay. He then got

a job as a delivery boy for a food store. The wages were slightly higher and the store provided for the evening meals.

It was just a wee step forward for the ambitious young man.

Now the father was thinking about getting a wife for the young man (we knew it was coming all the time.) Wisely the father did not make his son go back to get married. The father finally selected a beautiful, but not dumb, girl for his son. After the marriage the father sent the wife and the son back to China for a trip. The wife did not want to return to America. But that did not stop her from having a baby. A baby girl was born to her. A thousand dollar gold.

The wife and the baby stayed in China and the man came back to the United States. The wife and the baby stayed in the little village with the man's mother. The husband then began to pick up his business career the best he can. He did not know that tragedy was lurking when he left his wife. He would never have a chance to see her or the child again.

The man was about thirty-five when the death of his wife occurred. He did not think of marrying again. Chinese very rarely remarried.

After the death of the wife and child, life was rather void for the lonely man. But he kept on as though nothing had happened. As though the loss of his wife and child was not enough, he lost his job as a cook. For almost a year he was out of work. Then the discovery that the man was a good cook in fancy dishes brought him into prominence again.

As long as babies are being born, there is no fear of that, the man could be sure of a job. He cooked so many pig's feet that

everytime he thought about it, it nauseated him. The man liked plain food in spite of the fact that he could cook almost anything.

Five years after the death of the wife, the man's father died. And then the mother died too.

Now the man is nearing the half century mark. His hair is as black as a boy's hair of eighteen. He had spent the major portion ^{of his life} in these United States. Like many other Chinese who had come here he did not for once went out of the boundary of California. He had only been to a few neighborly cities. The farthest point he had ever reached was Walnut Grove. He went there to work one summer.

Now in telling this story, he related as much as he can remember. Everthing that had happened was in the past. He is looking forward to a bright future ahead.

The man's reasons for coming over were simply for education and a business career. His mother thought that over here in America the son would have a much better opportunity for advancing himself than in China. Even though the man did not make a huge success of his business opportunities, he did not blame anybody or anything as the cause of it. It was just another one of those things that just happened.

Here it is 1934. And the man is getting old. Old in age, but not in spirit. And as he said, "I'm only starting my business life."

And his business is composed of odd jobs. Cook, clothes maker, and this and that.

There is no chance of his getting "into the money". Or getting a huge salary. Those luck goes to his more fortunate friends.

As long as the man does not have to go hungry anymore or be in debt, he is satisfied. With so many men unemployed and on the verge of starvation, the man looked upon himself as lucky to be able to number himself among those who are employed and have three square meals a day.

He does not see any necessity of his returning to China. The ones closest to him are in the land beyond. Most of the friends that he knew are over here in America. So he will be content to stay here and see what time will bring. Maybe greater opportunities or despair, who knows?

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An Old Man

It was dark and gloomy day, a day when the rain fell lightly but strong enough to soak an old man to his skin.

He was a poor man. He had been wandering through the streets aimlessly. He did not know where to go or what to do. Suddenly in the clearing on an empty lot he perceived a man burning papers and little pieces of wood. That man was cooking his meals. The old man had not eaten for a day and he was hungry. He gathered enough courage to approach the man and asked for a meal. He got it too.

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Now the man is nearing the half century mark. His hair is as black as a boy's hair of eighteen. He had spent the major portion of his life in these United States. Like many other Chinese who had come here he did not for once went out of the boundary of California. He had only been to a few neighborly cities. The farthest point he had ever reached was Walnut Grove. He went there to work one summer.

Now in telling this story, he related as much as he can remember. Everything that had happened was in the past. He is looking forward to a bright future ahead.

The man's reasons for coming over were simply for education and a business career. His mother thought that over here in America the son would have a much better opportunity for advancing himself than in China. Even though the man did not make a huge success of his business opportunities, he did not blame anybody or anything as the cause of it. It was just another one of those things that just happened.

Here it is 1934. And the man is getting old. Old in age, but not in spirit. And as he said, "I'm only starting my business life."

And his business is composed of odd jobs. Cook, clothes maker, and this and that.

There is no chance of his getting "into the money". Or getting a huge salary. Those luck goes to his more fortunate friends.

As long as the man does not have to go hungry anymore or be in debt, he is satisfied. With so many men unemployed and on the verge of starvation, the man looks upon himself as lucky to be able to number himself among those who are employed and have three square meals a day.

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